

The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE WEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

Oh! Western land, that God's right hand
Hath crowned a mighty queen,
To thee I raise a hymn of praise
From every hill-top green.

Of valleys deep, where lakelets sleep
Secluded and alone,
Of meadows broad, by man untrod,
With grasses overgrown;

Of prairies wide, where rivers glide
O'er to the mighty sea—
To thee I bring my offering,
All humble though it be.

Ah! vale and hill, shall start and thrill
In mingled joy and pain,
When the iron steed, with awful speed,
Comes rushing o'er the plain.

Oh! Western land, destined to stand
The glory of the earth!
All worlds shall bow before thy brow,
Acknowledging thy worth.

And loud and long shall be my song
Wherever I may roam—
Land of the blest, oh, mighty West,
My country and my home.
Westport, Wis.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PAMPERO.

During the whole course of their journey, which lasted two hours, Don Sylvio and Don Blas did not exchange a single word, to the great surprise of the *capataes*. Don Sylvio was thinking of his approaching happiness, which was slightly overclouded, through the sadness of the leave-taking, and Dona Concha's presentiments. But these vague alarms were dissipated like the morning mist by the sun, so soon as he arrived at El Carmen.

Don Sylvio's first care was to visit the house to which he would lead Dona Concha, after the nuptial ceremony was performed. Though comfort does not exist in South America, it was a fairly palace, thronged with all the splendours of luxury. A band of English, French, and Italian workmen, collected with extraordinary difficulty, were toiling without relaxation, under the orders of a skillful architect, in putting the final touch to this creation out of the Arabian Nights, which had already swallowed up large sums, and which would be in a condition to receive its new hosts within eight and forty hours. At Carmen nothing was talked of but the splendours of Don Sylvio d'Arenal's palace; the curious crowd that collected in front of the gates related marvels about this princely residence.

Don Sylvio, satisfied at seeing his dream accomplished, smiled as he thought of his betrothed, and after complimenting the architect and the workmen, proceeded to pay a visit to the governor, where important business summoned him.

The commandant gave the young man, with whose father he had been intimate, a gracious reception. Still, in spite of the courteous manner of Don Antonio Valverde, Sylvio fancied he could notice traces of secret annoyance in his face.

The governor was a brave and honorable soldier, who had rendered good service in the War of Independence, and the government had placed him on honorable half-pay, by entrusting to him the command of Carmen, a post he had held for fifteen years. Courageous, strict, and just, the commandant kept the gauchos in order by the punishment of the *garota*, and foiled the repeated attempts of the Indians, who came even under the guns of the fortress, to harry cattle, and carry off the prisoners, especially women. Gifted with but a poor intellect, but supported by his own experience, and the esteem of all the honest people in the colony, he was not deficient in a certain energy of character. Physically, he was a tall, stout man, with a rufous, pimply face, full of self-satisfaction, who listened to people speaking, and carefully weighed his words, as if they were made of gold.

Don Sylvio was surprised at the anxiety which disturbed the usual placidity of the colonel's face.

"It is a miracle," the latter said, as he cordially pressed the young man's hand, "for which I thank *nuestra Señora del Carmen*, to see you here."

"In a few days you will not be able to reproach me thus," Don Sylvio replied.

"Then, it is coming off soon?" Don Antonio said, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, I hope to be married within four days. I have come to Carmen to-day to give the master's look at the final arrangements of my house."

"All the better," the commandant replied. "I am enchanted that you are about to settle among us, Don Sylvio; your betrothed is the prettiest girl in the colony."

"I thank you in her name, colonel."

"Do you spend the day at Carmen?"



ENTRY OF THE EMIR INTO SAMARCAND.

Samarcand is the ancient capital of Central Asia, and at the present day is the largest and most beautiful city in Turkestan. The inhabitants say of it:—"Samarcand resembles Paradise;" and a Persian Poet says:—"Samarcand is the centre of the whole globe"—thus anticipating, as it will be seen, a

common boast of the inhabitants of the towns in our own Western States. But M. Vamberg, a Hungarian gentleman, was greatly disappointed with its appearance. Though it is the most beautiful city in Central Asia, it is far inferior to what the glowing descriptions had led him to expect.

M. Vamberg believed that the birthplace of the Hungarian language was in Central Asia, and it was in order to get light upon this subject, that he undertook the perilous journey to Samarcand. Our engraving represents the Entry of the Emir (or governor) into Samarcand.

door, "a bombero, who has arrived at full speed, requests an interview."

The three gentlemen looked at one another.

"Let him come in," the colonel said.

Heavy footsteps echoed in the passage, and the bombero appeared; it was Pedro. He certainly had at this moment the look of a bearer of ill-tidings, and seemed to have just come out of a fight. His ragged clothes were stained with blood and mud, an unusual pallor covered his face, and he leaned on his rifle, for he was exhausted by his hurried ride.

"Take this glass of wine," said Don Sylvio, "it will restore you."

"No," Pedro answered, thrusting the glass away, "it is not wine I thirst for, but blood."

The bombero wiped his dank forehead with the back of his hand, and said in a sharp, quick voice, which conveyed terror to the hearts of the three hearers:—"The Indians are coming down."

"Have you seen them?" the major asked.

"Yes," he replied hoarsely.

"When?"

"This morning."

"Far from here?"

"Twenty leagues."

"How many are they?"

"Count the grains of the sand on the pampas, and you will have their number."

"Oh," the colonel exclaimed, "that is impossible, the Indians cannot thus organize an army at a day's notice. Terror must have made you see double."

"Terror, nonsense!" the bombero answered disdainfully, "in the desert we have not time to know it."

"But, tell me, how are they coming?"

"Like a hurricane, burning and plundering everything on their passage. They form a vast semicircle, whose two extremities are gradually drawing near to Carmen. They act with a certain method, under the orders of a chief who is, doubtless, practised and skilful."

"That is serious," the commandant said.

The major shook his head.

"Why did you warn us so late?" he said to the bombero.

"This morning at sunrise my three brothers and I were surrounded by two or three hundred Indians, who seemed to emerge suddenly from the ground. What a fight it was! We defended ourselves like lions; Juan is dead, Pepe and Lopes are wounded, but we escaped at last, and here I am."

"Return to your post as speedily as possible; a fresh horse will be given you."

"I am off."

"Well," said Don Antonio, after Pedro had retired, "what do you think of our presentiments, Don Sylvio? But where are you going?" he asked the young man, who had risen from his chair.

"I shall return to the Estancia of San Julian, which the Indians have, perhaps, attacked. Oh, Dona Concha!"

"San Julian is fortified, and safe against surprise. Still, try and induce Don Valentine and his daughter to return to Carmen, where they will be in greater security."

"Thanks, colonel, I will try, and do you offer a bold front to the enemy. As you are aware, the Indians only attempt surprise, and so soon as they see that their plans are discovered, they are off again."

"May heaven hear you."

"Good-bye for the present, gentlemen, and I wish you success," said the young man, as he pressed the hand of the two old soldiers.

Don Blas Salazar, who was waiting for Don Sylvio in the courtyard, ran up to him so soon as he perceived him.

"Well," the *capataz* said, "you know the news. The Indians are making a descent."

"I have just been told so."

"What are we going to do?"

"Return to the estancia."

"Hum, Don Sylvio, that is not at all prudent; the Indians will, doubtless, bar our way."

"We will pass over their bodies."

"Of course, of course, but suppose they kill you?"

"Nonsense! Dona Concha is expecting me."

"As you please," the *capataz* answered, "all is ready for our departure; the horses are here, saddled and all. Let us be off."

"Thank you, Blas, you are a good fellow," Sylvio said, as he held out his hand to him.

"I am aware of it."

"Off we go."

Don Sylvio and Blas, escorted by the two slaves, walked their horses through the crowd of idlers who had assembled in front of the fortress to hear the news; then they went at a sharp trot down the rather steep hill that leads from the citadel to old Carmen, and at length galloped towards San Julian.

They had not noticed the behaviour of sundry suspicious-looking fellows who had followed them at a distance ever since they started, and were talking eagerly together.

The weather was stormy, and the clouds were gray and low. The air seemed motionless, a deep silence brooded over the solitude; a white cloud, light as a sand-drift, collected in the south-west, which advanced, and each moment grew larger. All announced the approach of the pampero, that simoon of the prairies.

The clouds collected, the dust rose and ran along in dense columns, suspended between earth and sky. The clouds enveloped the plain as in a mantle, whose corners the gusts lifted at every moment, and which lightning flashes rent here and there. Puffs of hot air traversed the space, and suddenly the tempest rushed up furiously from the horizon, sweeping the pampa with irresistible violence. The light was obscured by masses of sand; a thick gloom covered the earth, and the thunder mingled its terrible artillery with the howling of the hurricane. Enormous masses were detached from the lofty cliffs, and fell with a frightful din into the sea.

The travellers got off their horses, and sheltered themselves behind rocks on the sea shore. When the worst of the storm had passed, they set out again, Don Sylvio and Blas riding silently side by side, while the two slaves, twenty yards ahead, trembled at the thought of seeing the Indians appear.

The storm had slightly diminished its intensity, the pampero had carried its fury further, but the rain fell in torrents, and thunder and lightning followed each other uninterruptedly. The travellers could not continue their journey, for they ran the risk of being thrown at every moment by their horses, which reared in affright. The ground and the sand, moistened by the rain, did not offer a single spot where the brutes could set their feet in safety; they stumbled, slipped, and threatened to fall.

"Whatever we may do," said the *capataz*, "it is impossible to go any further; so we had better halt again, and seek refuge under that clump of trees."

"Very good," Don Sylvio said, with a sigh of resignation.

The little party proceeded toward a wood that bordered the road. They went only some fifteen paces from it, when four men, whose faces were concealed by black masks, dashed out of the wood at a gallop, and silently attacked the travellers.

The slaves rolled off their horses, struck by two bullets the strangers had fired, and writhed on the ground in convulsions of agony. Don Sylvio and Blas Salazar, astonished at this sudden attack on the part of men who could not be Indians, for they wore the dress of gauchos, and their hands were white, immediately dismounted, and making a rampart of their horses, awaited the attack of their adversaries, with levelled rifles.

Bullets were exchanged on both sides, and a fierce combat, silent and unequal, began. One of the assailants fell with his skull cleft to the teeth; and Don Sylvio passed his sword through the chest of another.

"Well, my masters," he shouted to them, "have you had enough? or does another of you wish to form the acquaintance of my blade? You are fools, ten of you should have come to assassinate us."

"What!" the *capataz* added, "are you going to give in already? you are clumsy fellows for cut-throats—and the man who pays you ought to have made a better choice."

In fact, the two masked men had fallen back; but immediately four other men, also masked, appeared, and all six rushed at the Spaniards, who firmly awaited their attack.

"Hang it! pardon our having culminated you; you know your trade," said Don Blas, as he fired a pistol into the thick of his adversaries.

The latter, still silent, returned the fire, and the fight began again with fresh fury. But the two brave Spaniards, whose strength was exhausted, and whose blood was flowing, fell in their turn on the corpses of two other assailants, whom they sacrificed to their rage before succumbing.

So soon as the strangers saw Don Sylvio and Blas were motionless, they uttered a cry of triumph. Paying no heed to the corpses they raised Don Sylvio d'Arenal's body, laid it across one of their horses, and fled away at full speed along the devious path.

Seven corpses strewed the ground. After the assailants the vultures arrived, which hovered and circled above the victims, and mingled their hoarse croaks of triumph with the sound of the hurricanes.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATIONS FOR A SIEGE.

"It is a heavy blow," the governor said, after Don Sylvio had left the room; "but, viva Dios! the pagans shall find some one to talk to. Major, were the officers to assemble at once, for a council of war, so that we may arrange the defensive operations?"

"That is the plan," the major answered; "I am satisfied with you. You draw yourself up haughtily, and I find you again, at last, my dear fellow."

"Ah! my dear Bloomfield, the presentment of an unknown misfortune depresses one's courage, while danger, however great it may be, once we have it face to face, ceases to cause us terror."

"You are right," said the major, who left the room to carry out his chief's orders.

The officers of the garrison, six in number, without counting the colonel and the major, were soon assembled in the governor's room.

"Sit down, caballeros," he said to them, "you are doubtless aware of the motive of this meeting. The Indians are threatening the colony, and a powerful league has been formed among the Patagonians. What forces have we at our disposal?"

"We are not deficient in arms and ammunition," the major replied. "We have more than two hundred thousand cartridges, and abundance of muskets, pistols, sabres, and lances; and our guns are amply supplied with round shot and canister."

"Very good,"

"Unfortunately," the major continued, "our troops—"

"How many have we?"

"Our effective strength should be one hundred and twenty—but, death, illness, and desertions, have reduced it to scarce eighty."

"Eighty!" the colonel said, with a shake of his head. "In the presence of a formidable invasion, as the common safety is at stake, can we not compel the inhabitants to get under arms?"

"It is their duty," one of the officers said.

"An imposing force must crown our walls," Don Antonio continued; "and this is what I propose. All the negro slaves will be enlisted, and formed into a company; the gauchos, well armed and mounted, will defend the approaches to the town, and act as patrols outside. We shall thus muster seven hundred men, a sufficient force to repulse the Indians."

"You know, colonel," an officer objected, "that the gauchos are utter scoundrels, and that the least disturbance is to them an excuse for plundering."

"On that account they will be employed for the external defence. They will be encamped outside the colony, and, to diminish the chances of revolt among them, they will

be divided into two squadrons, one of which will count, while the other is resting. In this way we shall have nothing to fear from them.

"As for the crooked and strangers residing in the colony," the major remarked, "I think it will be as well to give them orders to come to the fort every night, to be armed in case of necessity."

"Excellent. The number of bombers will be doubled to prevent a surprise, and barricades raised at each entrance to the town, to protect us from the terrible charges of the Indians."

"If that is your opinion, colonel," the major interrupted, "to tell them to seek refuge in Carmen, when they are warned of the approach of the enemy by their cannon shot."

"Do so, major, for the poor people would be piteously massacred by the savages. The inhabitants of the town must also be warned that all their females must withdraw into the fort, when the penguins come in sight, unless they wish them to fall into the hands of the Indians. In the last invasion, if you remember, they carried off upwards of two hundred. And now, gentlemen, all that is left to us is to do our duty truly, and confide in the will of Heaven."

The officers rose, and were about to take leave of their chief, when a slave announced another bomber.

"Show him in—and pray be seated again, caballero."

The count was Pepe, Petito's brother. Although he had started five hours after his brother from their place of ambush, he was scarce an hour behind him. His great pace indicated the gravity of the news he brought. He had retained his cunning look, although his face was pale, blood-stained, and black with gunpowder. His torn clothes, the handkerchief fastened round his head, his arm in a sling, but above all, four scalps hanging from his girdle, showed that he had ridden through the Indians in order to reach Carmen.

"Pepe," the governor said to him, "your brother has just left me."

"I know it, colonel."

"Is your news worse than his?"

"That depends on the way in which you take it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why," the bomber said carelessly, "if you are fond of your ease, I have not come to re-assure you; if you feel a desire to mount your horse and see the Patagonians, you will have no occasion to indulge your fancy, as what I have to tell will cause you immense pleasure."

In spite of the gravity of the circumstances, and the anxiety of his hearers, the count smiled at Pepe's singular arguments.

"Explain yourself, Pepe," the governor said to him.

"Ten minutes after my brother's departure," the bomber went on, "I examined some bushes which I had seen moving in an unusual manner. I discovered a negro, who was pale in spite of his black hide, and whose tongue trembled as he tried to speak."

He belonged to a poor old gentleman of the name of Ignacio Hays, one of the two men who alone escaped from the massacre on the peninsula of San Jose, during the last invasion of the Patagonians. The slave and his master were gathering wood, when the Indians appeared a short distance off; the slave had time to conceal himself behind a pile of branches, but the old man fell beneath the blows of the savages, who attacked him with lances and bows.

I began re-assuring the negro, but at the same moment perceived a multitude of Indians driving prisoners and cattle before them, burning and destroying everything as they passed in full march on Carmen. The Estancia of Punta Rosa and that of San Blas are at this moment a pile of ashes, and serve as tombs to the owners. That is my news, excellency, and you can do what you like with it."

"And those bleeding scalps?" the major asked, pointing to the human trophies that hung from the bomber's belt.

"That is a personal matter," Pepe replied, with a smile. "Through friendship for the Indians, I preferred to lift their hair rather than leave them my head."

"Perhaps it is only a band of plunderers of the pampas, who have come to steal cattle, and will retire with their booty."

"Hump," said Pepe, with a shake of his head, "they are too numerous, too well equipped, and are advancing with too much regularity. No, colonel, it is not a skirmish, but an invasion."

"Thanks, Pepe," the colonel said, "I am satisfied with you. Return to your post, and redouble your vigilance."

"Juan is dead, colonel, and that will tell you how fond my brothers and I are of the Indians."

The bomber retired.

"You see, gentlemen," said Don Antonio, "that time presses. Go all of you to your duties."

"One moment," said Major Bloomfield, "I have one more suggestion to make."

"Speak, my friend."

"We are, so to speak, lost in this corner of the earth, and remote from any help; we may be besieged in Carmen, and forced into surrender by starvation. Under these imperious circumstances, I ask that a ship should be sent to Buenos Ayres to describe our situation, and request reinforcements."

"What do you think, gentlemen, of the major's suggestion?" the colonel asked, looking inquiringly at the officers.

"It is excellent, colonel, excellent," one of them answered.

"The suggestion will be carried out at once," Don Antonio continued, "and now, gentlemen, you can withdraw."

The defense of the fort and town was organized with a rapidity inconceivable to any one acquainted with Spanish sloth; danger gave courage to the timid and doubled the ardor of the others. Two hours later the cattle had been driven in and corralled, the streets barricaded, the guns sponged out, and the women and children shut up in buildings adjoining the fort, a vessel was sailing for Buenos Ayres, and one hundred and fifty resolute men were entrenched at Poblacion del Sur, the houses of which they had looted.

The governor and Major Bloomfield seemed to be everywhere at once; encouraging the troops, ordering the workmen, and imparting energy to all.

About three in the afternoon, a violent breeze sprang up, which bore from the south-west the smoke occasioned by firing the country, and hiding distant objects. The inhabitants of Carmen were devoured with anxiety.

Such is the simple and ingenious plan the southern nations employ to favor their invasion of the territory of the whites, to hide

their maneuvers, and conceal their numbers from the piercing eyes of the bombers. The smoke, like a floating wall, separated the Indians from Carmen, and in consequence of the brightness of the night they had selected the period of the full moon.

The scouts, in spite of the dense smoke that protected the enemy, arrived at a gallop one after the other, and announced that they would be before Carmen during the night. In fact, the Indian hordes, whose numbers incessantly increased, covered the whole extent of the plain, and advanced on the town with startling rapidity.

By the governor's orders, the three alarm shots were fired. The orderers could then be seen flocking up, driving their cattle before them, and on seeing their houses fired, and their rich crops destroyed, they shed tears of despair. These poor people encamped where they could, in the open places of the town, and after leading their wives and daughters to the fort, those who were of manly age took up arms, and rushed to the barriers and barricades, resolved to take vengeance for their ruin.

The consternation and terror were general; on all sides could be heard lamentation and stifled sobs; the night arrived to add its horrors to the situation, and enfold the town in its mourning. Numerous patrols traversed the streets, and, at intervals, daring bombers slipped furtively of the city to watch the approach of the coming peril.

About two in the morning, in the midst of an impressive silence, a slight sound was audible, at first almost imperceptible, but which was every moment augmented, and, as if by enchantment, the Aucas crowned the top of the barricades in Poblacion del Sur, and waving lighted torches, uttered their war-cries.

For a moment the inhabitants fancied the town captured; but Major Bloomfield, who commanded this post, was on his guard against the tricks of the Indians. At the moment when the Aucas prepared to scale the barricades, a sharp fusillade broke out, which hurled them to the foot of the entrenchments. The Argentines dashed forward at the bayonet point, and there was a frightful medley, from which issued groans of agony, imprecations, and the harsh clang of steel against steel. This was all the Argentines registered their position, the Patagonians disappeared, and the town, so lately illumined by the light of the torches, fell back into shadow and silence.

As the Indian surprise had failed, they would either withdraw or invest the town. At daybreak, however, all the illusions of the inhabitants were dissipated—the enemy had not thought of retreating.

It was a heartrending sight! The country was devastated, and the expiring flames could still be seen in the distance. Here, a band of Aucas were driving horses off; there, warriors, with lances erect, were watching the movements of the townspeople; behind them squaws and children were driving cattle, which uttered low howls; here and there prisoners, men, women, and children, forced along by blows with lance-staves, were holding up their suppliant arms to the town walls. Patagonians were planting poles and erecting totems; and, lastly, far as eye could reach, fresh bands of Indians descended into the plain from all sides.

The oldest soldiers in the fort, who had been witnesses of previous wars, were amazed at the regularity of the enemy's march. The totems were skillfully grouped; the infantry executed, with great precision, movements which they had hitherto been ignorant of, and it was an extraordinary thing, which stupefied the colonel and the major, to see the Aucas form a parallel round the town, and almost instantaneously throw up earthworks, which protected them from the artillery.

"Sangre de Dios," the colonel exclaimed, "there is a traitor among the villains; never before have they waged war in this way."

"Hum!" the major muttered, biting his moustache. "If Buenos Ayres does not send succor, we are lost."

"Yes, my friend, we shall leave our skins here."

"How many are they, colonel?—twenty thousand; thirty thousand?"

"And those who are still coming up, and who blacken the distant plains?—but what means the sound of that bugle?"

Four ulmens, preceded by an Indian, who carried a white flag, had halted within half gun-shot of the first barriers of Poblacion del Sur.

"They seem," the colonel said, "to be desiring a parley. Do they fancy me fool enough to venture into that trap? Major, just fire a round of canister into that group to teach them not to treat us as fools."

"We should be wrong, colonel, let us learn what they want."

"But where shall we find a man fool enough to risk his carcass among those pagans, who have neither faith nor law?"

"I will go, with your permission," the major said, simply.

"You?" Don Antonio exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes, I. Unfortunate persons have been confided to our guard and our honor. I am but a man; my life is of but little consequence for the defence of the town. I am old, colonel, and will try to save the inhabitants of Carmen."

The governor suppressed a sigh, and affectionately shook his old friend's hand.

"Go," he said, with considerable emotion, "and may Heaven protect you!"

"Thanks," Major Bloomfield answered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Take My Hand.

In the dead of night I am frequently awakened by a little band stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry: "Please take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and, soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence, he falls into a deep sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once, night may enfold you in its cold embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and, in the simple grasp of the Father's hand, sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the morning cometh.—*Congregationalist.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1909.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND.—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.00; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$8.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$10.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$16.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "OUT ADRIET; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE," by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

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The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

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A copy of either of our large and beautiful Steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra.

These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly \$1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent gratis to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," &c.

In a few weeks we design commencing a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall probably print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

Particular gentleman (exhibiting a singular-looking object in the soup-ladle)—"Waiter, do you know what that is?" "Waiter—" That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often find 'em in soup, sir. No charge for it, sir."

A year or two since an enterprising manufacturer of liquor in this city tried crushed potato-bugs to color port wine. He gave them a fair trial, but at the end of six months found that they didn't color the wine a particle better than the juice of bed-bug does, and that the flavor given the wine was not as good as that given by the bed-bug juice. There was one more objection. He could catch the bed-bugs all seasons of the year, but could not find potato-bugs only about six or eight months of the year. He has pronounced curses on them, and declared them good for nothing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BURNED CITIES OF CAMPANIA; OR, POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM. Their History, their Destruction and their Remains. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS, author of "Records of Noble Lives," &c. This work is profusely illustrated, and is very interesting. We cordially commend it to our readers as most excellent reading—being both entertaining and instructive. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; G. T. Day & Co., Dover, N. H.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

MY DAUGHTER ELINOR. A Novel. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. Designed for Academies and High Schools. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

LAMPS, PITCHERS AND TRUMPETS. Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher. Illustrated by Anecdotes, of every order of Pulpit Eloquence, from the Great Preachers of All Ages. By EDWARD PAXTON HOOD, Minister of Queen-Square Chapel, Brighton, author of "Wordsworth, an Aesthetic Biography," &c. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

UNCLE JOHN'S FLOWER-GATHERERS. A Companion for the Woods and Fields. With Illustrations. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

PHILIP BRANTLEY'S LIFE WORK, AND HOW HE FOUND IT. By M. E. M. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR JULY. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.

THE OLD GUARD FOR JULY. Devoted to the Political Principles of 1776 and 1860. Published by Van Eyrie, Horton & Co., New York.

JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE FOR JUNE.

GOOD HEALTH FOR JULY. Published by A. Moore, Boston.

Conjugal Surprises.

Paris is responsible for many a sensational story, but we have met with few that have eclipsed the following as told in a recent Paris letter:—

A husband, we are assured, went out with his wife on New Year's Eve to do some shopping. On passing the great establishment of the Louvre the young wife so fell in love with something charming in a dress suspended in the window, that her husband determined to surprise her with it as an *eternity*. He brought his partner to her father's who lived not far off, and, feigning to have forgotten something, he begged of her to await his return. Running back to the shop, he bought the dress, and ordered it to be sent at once to his lodging, writing upon the paper that wrapped it, this little decorative address—"From your husband" (*ton mari*). He then left the shop to return to his better half, but meeting some people and being delayed late, he went straight home without calling for his wife, and depending on the pretty present to make all square if she was displeased at his absence and apparent negligence. Madame was very much displeased indeed, and to make matters worse, the peace-offering was not forthcoming, for the stupid porter had handed it in at the wrong apartment, which was at the opposite side of the staircase. There the beautiful dress and the inscription caused much surprise, for the lady who inhabited the room and her husband, not agreeing, had made a voluntary separation several months before. Married couples are often sorry for the rash effects of anger, and the poor lady, seeing the beautiful present from her separated husband as she thought, melted into tears of tenderness at his supposed contrition, and ran out at once and purchased a beautiful leather writing-case, which she dispatched to his residence with the inscription "From thy wife." The poor husband, also overwhelmed with the reminiscence of old conjugal happiness, appeared at the door within half an hour, and such a scene of weeping, and embracing, and apologies, and vows of future love—ay, indeed, tears, and soft kisses—was never beheld.

"How kind of you," at last said the sobbing wife, "to think of sending me this lovely dress!" The astonished husband had to acknowledge that he knew nothing of the parcel—but peace being already made it was no matter, and the porter's mistake had borne happy fruit. The real owner began to make inquiry, and found the parcel, which reconciled his wife to him also. An explanation and a consequent introduction ensued, and the two couples went out together and had a little feast at one of the best taverns in Paris. They returned at night, and each pair separated from the other pair on the staircase landing, two as happy wives and two as happy husbands as any who retired to rest in each other's arms that New Year's Eve in the city of Paris.

Beggars' Marks.

A pendant to the anecdote of O'Connell silencing the vituperative fish-fag by calling her an isosceles triangle, and declaring that he had seen her walking out with a trapezoid, has been found by the Winchester gentleman, who, in front of his rocky ferns has placed this notice, "Beggars, beware! Scholopendriums and Polytopiums are set here!" It is said that the beggars keep at a respectful distance, though its effect would fail if the beggars were unable to read. A country friend of mine adopts the plan of marking in chalk on his gatepost that mysterious abracadabra of a "beggar's mark" in the form of a square, which, in the calder's language, means "Gammay" (unfavorable), likely to have you taken up: mind the dog." This he varies with the hieroglyphic of a chalked circle, with a dot in the centre, which signifies "Flummoxed" (dangerous), sure of a month in *quod*. Peripatetic vagabonds can understand these marks when they cannot read plain print.

The National Monument at Gettysburg was dedicated on the 1st. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a prayer, Bayard Taylor a poem, and Gen. Meade and Senator Morton made addresses. A large concourse of people from various parts of the country was present.

Freight on tea is two cents a pound the old way and thirteen cents by Pacific Railroad, from China to New York.

Orators and Reporters.

We have heard, often enough, of the way in which speeches in Congress and elsewhere are frequently made up for the public. In many instances they are prepared by the industrious private secretary, and either read or repeated from memory by the representatives of the people. Some, more self-reliant, but not more capable, trust to their own unaided efforts, and make egregious failures; or what would be failures if any effect was sought to be made upon the hearers, or the address was really made to the assembly before whom it is delivered. It is, however, aimed at the country, or at small part of it which the orator numbers in his constituency. Accordingly, it is the duty of the reporter to put it in correct form for the printer, and by the time the proofs have been revised, such a speech is put on paper as would astonish those who heard the original delivery, if, indeed, they had paid any attention to it. These are the methods by which many public speeches are got up for the papers; but it is rarely the case that the reporter has such aid in his work as in a case told by Cornelius O'Dowd in a recent number of Blackwood.

It was a time of great political excitement in Great Britain, when party lines were closely drawn, and the accession of a single man of prominence to either side might prove of the highest importance. A large public meeting was to be held by the Tories in Ireland. The speakers were carefully selected, and the utmost preparation was made. One Boyton was to move, and support by a speech the principal resolution, and he had secluded himself for weeks, and worked at the details of his speech incessantly. When the day of the meeting came, a Marquis, who had previously stood aloof without committing himself to either side, and whose wealth and position made him a tower of strength to the party with which he should act, came forward and expressed himself as ready to speak if he could be allowed to take the resolution which had been reserved for the brilliant Boyton. Of course there could be but one reply. The noble Marquis must be conciliated at any cost; and Boyton sadly and haughtily, withdrew—the labor of a month past lost as he supposed. We will let O'Dowd finish the story in his own words:

"The business of the meeting began. Peer followed peer, and deputy-leutenant spoke after county member, with the same sort of fluency and the same stock of platitudes such assemblages record generally. There was plenty of cheering, however, and a very hearty air of concurrence on the part of the listeners; and at last, as Lord D— came forward, a thundering Kentish fire welcomed his appearance. Now for a splendid display of unmitigated blarneying," muttered Boyton, whose dark brow clouded with unusual blackness as he scowled at the scene. "What a mass of confusion and misapprehension he will make of it!"

"The speaker began tamely and irresolutely," he murmured something about his astonishment at seeing himself where he was, his total want of preparation, and his general condition of ignorance as to what the meeting expected of him. He was not given to speech-making, he was a plain county gentleman, who for the most part shunned large gatherings, which generally speaking, he thought were mobs, and he hated mobs. (Here he was cheered, and seemed rather the better for it.) He thought mobs were good things for O'Connell and Shield, and those kind of people who were fond of open air talking, but did not suit gentlemen (more cheering;) after which he mandered on into some weak abuse of the Whigs, and the way in which they courted the party of disaffection in Ireland."

"Oh! listen to that miserable driveller," groaned Boyton; "see how he is unmaking his battery before he has fired a shot! Does he not perceive that he is destroying us? Does he not feel that his stupidity will cover us with shame and confusion? The real line of argument is this!—and here, with an impassioned vehemence, he ran over the leading points on which he meant to have insisted, showing how a mock resistance by O'Connell was to have given way on certain measures of conciliation being proposed, and a sham fight to be performed before the eyes of the nation. 'Hear him now,' he muttered. 'Hear how that dolt is undecy every step I have won, and actually uprooting the foundation of our position.'"

Lord D— at last concluded, three deafening cheers greeting him as he sat down, and three more calling him back to acknowledge the enthusiastic delight of the meeting.

"The editor of the leading Conservative paper, a man of remarkable social ability, and the real mover of the party, stood at Boyton's side, and tried to pacify and appease him. 'Your case,' said he, 'is hard enough, but think of mine, which is perhaps harder. You have lost an occasion for a grand intellectual display, but I must endeavor to make that man appear to have made one. It will never do to report what he has said, and what shall I do with him?'"

"An ignorant young man, who had no doubt on any subject, was present, and whispered the editor in these words: 'Come back with me to the printing-office, and I'll make the thing easy enough. I have been standing by Boyton all day, and I have heard every point of his argument. We'll give it to D—, and make a capital speech for him.'"

The editor closed with the bargain at once, they both slipped noiselessly away, gained P— street, and by the evening edition Lord D—'s speech appeared; it filled two columns of the paper, and was the speech of the day. It was not merely a piece of admirable close reasoning and logic, but was marked by bursts of high eloquence and splendid imagery, which well justified the 'defeating cheering' which interrupted the speaker, and compelled him to pause till the enthusiasm had partly subsided.

"Nor was it the worst of the joke that Lord D— fully believed he had delivered the oration as it was reported, saying: 'I don't do these sort of things often; but when my blood is up, I get along without knowing it, never wanting a word or feeling the slightest difficulty for an illustration.'"

"As for Boyton, it was only after the lapse of years he could be brought to believe that the notes of his speech had not been stolen from his writing desk."

Charles Bishop, a wholesale merchant at New Haven, Conn., died very suddenly on Saturday. A few moments before his death he told his wife that he never felt better in his life, and a few days before his death he allowed a \$20,000 life insurance policy to expire on account of his long continued good health.

The Garden of Eden.

There seems to be a reasonable expectation of the discovery of the site of the Garden of Eden, if we may credit Sir Henry Rawlinson, the distinguished Assyrian explorer, and President of the Royal Asiatic Society. At a meeting of that society, held in London on the 31st of May, at which he was inaugurated, he made a speech, in which he expressed his conviction that the Babylonian writings and monuments now in the possession of the British Museum would turn out to be intimately connected with the earliest Biblical writings, and that, before long, the whole of the early history given in the Book of Genesis, from the time of Abraham, downwards, would be found existing in its original form among these primitive stone records. He also announced that in a short time he should submit to the society evidence that the name "Garden of Eden" was the old and natural name of Babylon. He stated that there were Babylonian documents which gave an exact geographical description of that Paradise in which the opening scene of human history is laid, answering precisely to the topography and the geographical particulars of Holy Writ. In them he has found the four rivers, or rather, the four branches of "the river which went out of Eden to water the garden," mentioned by the very same names, Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. He has also met with accounts of the Flood, and the building of the Tower of Babel, which bear with singular directness and value upon the Biblical narrative of those events. If he should realize all that he anticipates, he will have given to the world one of the most interesting archaeological and antiquarian discoveries ever made. Among Biblical critics, it has long been a matter of discussion whence came the two different accounts of the creation of the world, of man, and of his history from his emanation from the hands of his Creator down to his destruction by the Deluge, which form the first nine chapters of Genesis. These two narratives have been distinguished respectively as the Jehovah and the Elohim records, because in the one the Deity is spoken of as Jehovah, and in the other in the plural form as Elohim. Probably Sir Henry Rawlinson's discoveries will throw light on the subject, and thus clear up the obscurity which hangs over that portion of the sacred text. If this should be the case, he will be a benefactor to theology and Biblical lore, as well as to history and archaeology. There is nothing amazing in the fact that the sculptured archives of Babylonian, Assyrian and Chaldean, as well as of the Semitic and Aryan peoples, should be reflected in the annals of a race which came forth from Chaldea; still, the prospect of comparing the originals with the derived reports, and of finding the authentic sources from which Elohim and Jehovah drew their statements, is one which will naturally excite vivid expectations among Biblical scholars, and cannot fail to arouse very general curiosity. The cause of religion has always been advanced by discoveries in science, notwithstanding the outcries made against them by well-meaning but rather short-sighted persons. Truth can never gain any truth, nor can we go back to the practice, whether political or religious, which is said to have laid hands on Galileo for asserting that the Earth moved. "Nevertheless it moves" is true of everything, as well as of the planet we live on; and if these new discoveries, or any others, interpret to us, in a positive and simple sense, legends which have been lost in the sacred mist of tradition, the Biblical account cannot but gain in clearness, while the intent which dictated the record must be carried out with increased directness and force. The character of all such investigations has ever been in the highest sense Scriptural and Christian. It may turn out that the Chaldeans had traditions of Eden, of the Flood and of Babel, and that Abraham brought them with him from "Ur of the Chaldees," to Canaan, and handed them down to his posterity, and these traditions may also have found their way into other lands long before Abraham's time, which would partly account for their universality. Let us, at any rate, know what the Babylonian records can tell about the Garden of Eden. If Hiddekel, Pison and Gihon can be identified without geographical bewilderment, let it, by all means, be done. We have our doubts about the probability of this. Enphrates remains, but it seems strange that the three other rivers should have disappeared so completely in a country where no natural convulsions have taken place within recorded history. Neither the heat nor the sand have been able to obliterate the Euphrates, and it is difficult to imagine that they could have obliterated the other rivers unless they were insignificant streams. But the fact which Sir Henry Rawlinson has given to the meaning of the term "Garden of Eden," throws light on that passage in Isaiah, (chap. 37, v. 12): "Have the gods of the nations delivered them which my fathers have destroyed, as Gozan and Haran and Rezaph and the children of Eden which were in Telassar?" And on that in Ezekiel, (chap. 28, v. 13): "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Juvenile Erenant.

In some respects the most remarkable ascension that ever took place was one made by an apprentice boy of twelve years old named Guerin, who was taken up by the action of the balloon itself without his consent, and without any intention that he should go up on the part of any other person. It was a rarefied air balloon. The car was in the form of a boat, and was to be suspended from the balloon by cords attached to each end of it when the balloon was filled. There was also an anchor suspended by a cord from the bottom of the boat, which was intended to catch upon the ground and hold the balloon when it should come down. After the balloon was filled and was ready to go up some of the assistants held it by cords, while others went to work to attach the car to it. They had secured one end, and were then going to secure the other, when, by some means or other, the balloon broke away from those holding it and began slowly to rise, and at the same time to drift along with the wind, dragging the car and the anchor over the ground. It happened that, as the anchor was thus drawn along, and was beginning to rise, it passed so closely over this boy—who was sitting quietly near by with his companions, not dreaming of being anything but a spectator of the proceedings—as to catch the fluke in the waistband of his pantaloons, and as it continued to ascend it took him up with it. The boy uttered piercing screams and cries and calls for help; and there was perhaps no harm in this so long as he held on bravely. Of course no help was possible

except calls to him from below to hold on. He found that the waistband began to give way, and he instinctively grasped the rope above his head with both hands, and so sustained himself. The strength of his hands, without the aid of the hook in his waistband, would not have been sufficient to sustain his weight many minutes; and the waistband was not strong enough without the hands. Both together, however, answered the purpose.

It was very fortunate for Guerin that it was a Montgolfier, that is, a rarefied air balloon, and not one filled with hydrogen, gas, which was running away with him; for in the latter case the gas within would have continued to expand as the outside pressure upon it diminished by the increasing elevation; and as there would have been no possibility of opening the valve, as is usually done, to relieve it, the balloon would have burst and collapsed, and the poor boy would have fallen a thousand feet or more to the ground with full force. But being a Montgolfier, the ascending power gradually diminished as the air grew cool, until at length, after floating a moment in equilibrium, it began slowly to descend. As the balloon descended, the rope, which had begun to untwist under the influence of the boy's weight, turned more and more rapidly; and inasmuch as a person suspended from a balloon is never conscious of his own motion—the illusion which makes the motion seem to be in the earth and not in the balloon being perfect—as it is indeed on a smaller scale to a person going up in the elevator of a hotel—it appeared to Guerin that the earth was spinning round beneath him in a vast and most frightful gyration. Guerin was more terrified than ever. As he drew near the ground, or rather, as it appeared to him, as the ground and the concourse of spectators upon it came whirling up to him, he cried out to the people to save him. They called to him in reply not to be afraid, that he was all right; and, receiving him in their arms as soon as he came within reach, they at the same moment stopped the spinning of the earth and unhooked him from his anchor.

The incident of course created a great sensation at the time; and, as the account of it became a part of the history of ascension, the story will be repeated in all coming times. Guerin found himself very suddenly famous. As he was only in the air about fifteen minutes, it is very probable that this boy acquired historical immortality at an earlier age, and in a shorter time, than any other human being.—Jacob Abbott, in Harper's Magazine for July.

It is said that the ladies who carelessly submitted to the golden hair-dyeing process, now heartily regret that they ever attempted to be "beautiful blondes." Baldness begins to threaten them. Also, in a few instances, paralysis of the facial muscles has resulted.

The application of electricity to organ key-boards enables a clergyman in England to draw the salary of the organist in addition to his own. He has the key-board in the pulpit.

Two hundred and sixty-three ladies in a New Hampshire town have signed a protest against female suffrage. The Canadian authorities have authorized a proclamation ordering the observance of July 1st (Dominion Day) as a general holiday in this and every succeeding year.

A worthy citizen of Davenport, Iowa, was standing in his door, last Monday, when up tripped a bold dandy and demanded a kiss. "Me! why, I'm married!" said he in astonishment. "So much the better; you know how—I'm on woman's rights this morning, and I'll commence with you. Come, a kiss now, quick." She then sprang to his front and put up her lips. The unwilling and foolish citizen gave her a push which sent her off the sidewalk, and in the afternoon she had him arrested for disturbing the peace.

Charles Elam, M.D., of London, in a paper bearing the title of "Medicine, Disease, and Death," claims that medical science, or rather medical control over disease in general, has retrograded, instead of advanced, with the wonderful development, within the past thirty years, of the sciences tributary to medicine. In support of this theory, he shows, by the returns of the registrar-general, that the death-rate in London has been steadily increasing, and the average of ages steadily decreasing, since 1847.

A traveller on a western railroad was surprised, after conversing with a lady who argued that women should be allowed to do all of men's work, to be asked to take her baggage checks and call a hack for her.

A Yankee who has arrived in San Francisco by the Pacific Railroad, writes home that the distance between that city and Boston is equal to 211 games of euchre, 178 drinks, and 117 cigars.

During the late tour of the Crown Prince of Prussia in Pomerania, the people of Kolberg came into the streets with flowers to greet him on his entrance into their town, and several of them, anxious to give a practical proof of their loyal enthusiasm, showered bouquets in his face. The consequence was, says the commandant of the garrison, that his Royal Highness entered the hall of the palace "with his eyes full of tears," caused by the pain of the scratches he had received. The commandant exhorts the inhabitants in future to be more careful and considerate when presenting flowers to royal personages. "When the son of the sovereign walks in the street, the people should either with the deepest humility offer him a flower in their hands, or scatter flowers before his feet; but they should not recklessly cast them in the air so as to cause wounds, like the projectiles of an enemy."

M. Legove, of the French Institute, relates that when he once threatened a little dandy that "if he didn't behave properly he would tell every one he knew," the child responded: "Well, that doesn't trouble me." "And pray why not?" he asked. "Because," replied the precocious little philosopher, "there are a great many more people than you don't know, and they will never hear anything about it!"

On Monday, July 5, the chimes of Trinity, New York, performed as follows:— Ringing the Changes on eight bells, Hay, Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Old Dog Tray, Let the Merry Church Bells Ring, On the Field of Glory, Coming Thro' the Rye, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, The Blue Bells of Scotland, Bold Roger Boy, Airs from Guy Mannering, Chimes Quadrille, Airs from Child of the Regiment, "Vive L'America."

The Boston Peace Jubilee made \$110,700 profit, and Gilmore got out of it a house and lot, worth \$25,000, and a testimonial benefit.

Hydrophobia.

Franklin Dyre, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Adams, Kent county, Maryland, gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog. As will be seen, he has tested it with the most gratifying results:—

Elecampa is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten take one and a half ounces of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain; and when cold drink it, fasting at least six hours afterward. The next morning, fasting, repeat the dose, using two ounces of root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above dose, and are alive and well to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy.

It is supposed that the root contains a principle which, being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia.

I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement.

Beef sells for six cents a pound in the New Orleans market. There are fifty Chinese Catholics in San Francisco. Some of them speak Latin fluently, and are from the Catholic seminaries of China.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses afterward found that she disagreed with him.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been less doing. Sales 10,000 bbls at \$3.35 for superfine; \$3.50 for extra; \$3.65 for Northwest extra family; the latter rate for sack; \$3.75 for Pennsylvania extra family; \$3.85 for Ohio and Indiana family, and \$3.90 for fancy brands.

GRAIN—There is less demand for wheat. About 30,000 bushels sold at \$1.17 for fair to prime Pennsylvania Western and Delaware; 30,000 bushels of small lots of fancy Michigan amber at \$1.50; 10,000 bushels of small lots of Michigan white at \$1.55; 1,750 and 400 bushels new Delaware amber at \$1.45; 300 bushels Pennsylvania Western and Delaware yellow sold at \$1.35; 20,000 bushels high mixed Western at \$1.15; 10,000 bushels Western mixed at \$1.05; 50,000 bushels Oats—50,000 bushels sold at \$1.15 for Western, and 50,000 bushels for Southern and Pennsylvania. PROVISIONS continue dull, but prices are without material change.

COTTON—The market is active. About 3000 bales of Middling sold at 25¢ 3/4 for Uplands, and 24¢ 3/4 for New Orleans.

BAKE—50 bbls of No. 1 Quaker sold at 47¢ 1/2 ton. SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at \$9.95, Timothy—Sales are reported at \$4.50. Flaxseed is selling at \$3.70 to \$3.75 per bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from \$2.25 to \$2.50. 150 Cows brought from \$4.00 to \$5.00. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from \$4.00 to \$5.00. 4400 Hogs sold at from \$15.00 to \$17.75 per 100 lbs.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—The venerable Lydia Maria Child sends the following anecdote to "Our Dumb Animals":—"Many years ago, when language and habits were more simple than they are now, a worthy old farmer in Massachusetts, being in his last illness, was asked what he looked back upon with most satisfaction. His languid eyes lighted up as he replied, 'I have always been good to the critters.'"

IMPORTANT MATTER TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—With the onward march of modern civilization, the old spinning-wheel of our grandmothers has passed out of date and use. The firm of H. T. Thomas, 29 North Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, are pushing a patent which is designed to succeed and supply the place of the good old wheel, doing as becomes a modern machine a dozen times the work of the old one. This spinner can be so adjusted as to go with the celebrated Self-acting Hand-Loom. It is also worked with a crank, and will run twelve spindles, doing the work of ten women at the old wheel. With it is so light and easy in its operation that a girl or small boy can work it with ease and certainty. It will double and twist twelve threads at a time, and reel the same number of skeins, or will spin and fill twelve bobbins at a time, ready for weaving in the loom. Let the women try it once, and it will become a household treasure.

The internal revenue receipts of the fiscal year just closed have amounted to \$159,287,176 01—a heavy burden on the industry of the country, which should be reduced as soon as possible by the greatest economy in the national expenditures.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpartisan, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All powers and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers, sep26-ly T. W. Evans & Co., 129 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

The St. Paul Press says that half the business of the courts in Illinois seems to be to satisfy the vengeance of women because they can't get the men to marry them, and the other half to enable women to get rid of men who have married them.

Henry Ward Beecher on Clothes.

After a constant use of the UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WASHING for more than four years in my family, I am authorized by the "powers that be" to give it the most unqualified praise, and to pronounce it an indispensable part of the machinery of housekeeping.

The signboard of a tavern near Strasburg, France, bears the following inscription:—"Strong beer and wine of the first quality. Customers drinking more than twelve glasses will be sent home in a cab, free of charge, in case they are unable to walk."

"Whelan's" at Washington; "Metropolitan" and "Fifth Avenue" hotels, New York, use Burdett's celebrated cooking Extracts. These Extracts are the best.

The Sensation of Drowning.

A sailor named George Forbes, who was lost overboard from a scow on Lake Michigan, and nearly drowned before he was rescued, thus describes the feelings he experienced on the occasion. We quote from the Detroit Free Press:—

I was feeling more courage, and striking out with a will, when a sudden cramp caught me all over, and I could not do another stroke. I felt like a lump of lead. My head began to spin around, a great lump rose up in my throat and choked me, and my eyes closed as if a weight had been hung on the lids. I began to drown—I felt it; then came a feeling something like a red-hot rod being drawn through my brain. My head felt like fire. A humming, roaring noise went through my ears, and my body felt as light as a feather. The waves carried me about without an effort on my part, and I laughed—it seemed so curious that I actually laughed. I didn't care to be picked up—didn't care for life—only wanted to float and drift forever on the rollers. The water came into my face and mouth, but I never tried to keep my head up. I wouldn't have moved my finger to have been aboard the scow. It grew darker and darker; the old fire feeling came through my head again. Something clutched me by the leg and drew me down. I rocked to and fro, felt a noise like the discharge of a cannon, and then I dropped to sleep.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 500 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the new process recently discovered by Dr. RADWAY, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, SARSAPARILLIAN, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla was found to possess the true virtues ascribed to this root, and obtained as it now is under Dr. RADWAY'S new process, rescue, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncurable secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glucular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncurable secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1860—30—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy will cure, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 35 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparilla), \$5 for six bottles, or \$1 per bottle. No. 37 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, and see that each bottle has the word SARSAPARILLIAN on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 37 Maiden lane, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 409 Arch St. my29-3m

WOOD PAPER.—Capt. J. Blake, of Norway, Me., is erecting a large factory for parties who are to make paper pulp from poplar wood. In the patented process of manufacture no chemicals are used; great power is applied to heavy grindstones, which, in contact with the wood and water, convert it into pulp. A cord of wood may be delivered at the factory in the morning, the pulp sent to the paper mill at night, and furnish a whole edition of the next morning's daily paper. The process has been patented but a short time, and this is the only factory in the state.—Exchange paper.

A Word to Horsemen.

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT has been tested by the first horsemen in this country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hiram Woodruff, of "Trotting fame," was never without a bottle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush of the Jerome Park Course at Fordham, N. Y., who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of the finest stock in America. It is warranted to cure lameness, sprains, scratches, bruises, galls, cuts, wind colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, and over-heating, when used according to the directions.

All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above-named complaints. No horse need die of colic, if, when first taken, the Liniment is used according to the directions. Always have a bottle in your stable. Price, in pint bottles, one dollar. The genuine is signed S. L. Tobias on the outside wrapper. For sale by the druggists, saddlers, and stockkeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. 13-34

John Hall, aged eighty three, and his wife, aged ninety three, recently walked from Dale to Neenah, Wisconsin, a distance of twelve miles. They reached Neenah before noon. The object of the journey was to visit a daughter. The hearty old veterans had no refreshment on the way further than a lunch they carried with them.

NOVEL MODE OF TYING HORSES.—The Icelanders have a curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the tail of one horse to the head of the other; and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way, and the other the reverse; and therefore if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads in the same direction.

Let not Prejudice Unnerv your Reason.

It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exists against what are called patent medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as HOSSETT'S STOMACH BISTERS? Physicians prescribe it; why should you dissent? Judges, usually considered men of talent, have used and do use it in their families; why should you not? Let not your prejudice sweep your reason to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bisters.

When the bodily energies are worn out by anxiety and need a stimulant, this is the best that can be taken. It is tempered and modified by hygienic herbs and roots, which prevent it from fermenting the blood; and hence it does not produce a more temporary excitement, to be followed by injurious reaction, but communicates a permanent potency to the entire vital organization. Some of its herbal constituents are slightly soporific, so that in cases where sleeplessness is one of the accompaniments of nervous disease, a dose of it taken towards bedtime will tend to produce quiet and refreshing slumber. For palpitation of the heart, tremors, hysterics, fainting fits, general restlessness and the countless fears and distressing fancies to which ladies are especially subject, under certain morbid conditions of mind and body peculiar to their sex, the Bisters will be found the most agreeable and certain of all counter-irritants.

The constitutionally nervous may readily keep their infirmity in constant check by the daily use of this healthful vegetable tonic; and those who have "shattered their nerves," as the phrase is, either by imprudent indulgence or undue physical or intellectual labor, will find in this refreshing elixir a prompt restorative. 13-34

The country seat of the late N. P. Willis, "Idlewild," near Newburg, was sold, a few days since, to Hon. Thomas George, of Newburg, for \$35,000. The grounds, comprising fifty acres, adjoin a farm of twelve hundred acres, also the property of Judge G.

For Black Worms, And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by my28-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

Hon. R. W. Moulton, of Shelbyville, recently celebrated his silver wedding, which elicited from "Gall Hamilton" a letter of regret, in which she said: "When one has stayed married twenty-five years in Illinois, I suppose it is worth while to ring the bells over it. Pray consider that I touch the rope with none the less heartiness because I am hundreds of miles away."

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. PAUL GOURAUD, 49 Bond street, removed from 465 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. 13-34

The Ocean National Bank, in New York, was robbed on Sunday night, June 27, of about \$350,000 in depositors' securities, and \$20,000 of the bank's money. The robbers are unknown.

To Remove Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. Perry. my28-3m

Three steam-tugs, having on board over 300 filibusters, were captured by the United States revenue cutters in Long Island Sound, on Tuesday night.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The first cures old sores and ulcers after every other remedy has failed; while the second instills more strength and richness into the blood than a hundred times the same weight in food.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of June, by the Rev. Theo. Brainerd, JOHN DOWNEY to SUSANNA E. MALCOLM, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. J. MILLER FRANKLIN to Miss ANNIE K. MACHESNEY, both of this city.

On the 23rd of June, by the Rev. William T. Eys, Mr. EDWARD SHELTON to Miss SARAH A. YATES.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN J. GRIFFITH to Miss LIZZIE HARRAR, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. SIMON J. HAYS, of Baltimore, to Miss MARTHA A. HAYS, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kutz, Mr. JOSEPH M. BROWN, of this city, to Miss SARAH B. BLACKMON, of Lead's Point, N. J.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of June, at Bridgewater, N. J., JOSEPH L. BARRETT, son of the late John and Jane Barrett, of Holmsburg, in his 68th year.

On the 28th of June, SARAH, wife of James Anderson, M. D.

On the 28th of June, CHRISTIAN BUCKING, in her 64th year.

On the 28th of June, NANCY MARTIN, in her 32d year.

On the 28th of June, THOMAS O. GOLDEN, in his 24th year.

On the 27th of June, WILLIAM BACON, in his 82d year.

On the 27th of June, ANSELINA ATKINSON, in her 82d year.

On the 27th of June, JOHN BARTRAM, in his 26th year.

On the 26th of June, JOHN M. HOUTSON, in his 60th year.

On the 26th of June, WARREN GAMBEL, in his 84th year.

ely sold in | whispered low and breathlessly: "Can you understand the love I bear you?"

"It is all unreal; I cannot believe it yet. Errol, do you really love me so?" I rested a moment, silent in my overpowering happiness; then I asked him nervously, and rather incoherently, Did he know what he had done? Had he thought what he had done?

"I have thought," he answered with a bright, glad smile, "that unless one wild little girl will be my wife, I care not what becomes of me."

We had stood some minutes on the platform before the train came lastly up, not even an engine will hurry through Ashley.

"There he is," I whispered, "stout and pale, pensively chewing some cake. Stay and see if he means himself to look for anybody."

He came down with much caution, pocketing carefully the remains of his cake, and looked round rather anxiously.

"Are you Ben Carson?" I asked, going forward, and holding out my hand.

"Yes."

"That's right. I am Mr. Blackwood's sister, and am come to take you home—to Ashley Rectory."

Errol came and settled us comfortably, saying a few light, pleasant things to this apparently heavy and unpleasant boy; then, as he put the rug round me with a proud, gentle smile, he told me to drive carefully, for he had an interest in the carriage now.

I cannot say we saw of us much until Ben Carson yet. Viewed artistically, he is ungraceful; viewed domestically, he appears inextinguishable; but it is hard to judge him tonight, poor little fellow. I dare say presently we shall like him very much: I will try to make his new home pleasant to him, though Nat would do that for any one. It was such a quiet, peaceful night, that after tea Nat and I strolled out together, and walked up and down the lawn, arm-in-arm, while I told him of my joy. He kissed me; then he told me he had seen it for a long time, and that Errol would be very happy. He went in soon after, and I followed, to see that Ben went comfortably to bed.

Then the rising twilight tempted me once more, and taking up the first cap I saw, which happened to be Ben's, I put it on, and wandered down the little lawn again. I started, hearing the gate open, and stood face to face with Errol. He bent down to my face, laughing.

"Another new hat! My poor £19,000 a year will become penny directly, with this extravagance, Miss Blackwood."

"Now, Errol, could I have a more serviceable article than this? Why I was just thinking how it could please the parish in general."

"And the lord of the manor, in particular."

"Being particular, yes. Does it?"

He bent down still lower with my hands in his, his words so low and quick, I could hardly understand. "Madeleine, I could not rest in his happiness. I was obliged to come and hear it once more. To think that the weary suspense is over, and that to-day has brought me my blessing! Oh, I thank God again and again for this, my darling love! Speak to me, sweetheart, that I may know all this is real!"

"I am very real, Errol, here beside you, telling you how happy your love has made me."

We stood a long time silent, I looking off among the trees to where the moon was rising; he—ah! well, I had learned long ago to know when his eyes were on me, though I had so lately known the meaning of their earnest gaze. Presently I said, looking up with a smile—a faint, half-smile it was, for his great earnestness made me feel grave and quiet, "You never asked how we got home."

"Well, I conclude by your sporting the pupil's case, that he is a pupil still, and not a mangled remains. What did you do with the infant phenomenon?"

"Discovered freely and intelligently, then made fast friends over an amateur board-hunt."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the pig had admitted himself gratuitously into the garden, so we devoted ourselves to him on our arrival, and we shall never be stiff again. He is a nice boy, I do believe, with a good, honest, truthful nature, but not an enlightened young person. Just fancy my feelings when, after incessantly trying to make conversation by asking him how he liked Cornwall—of which he could have but a limited experience, the first hour of his acquaintance with it, he told me he had spent his last holidays in Dublin, but he so little relished his sensations on the journey, that if he ever went again he should certainly go by land! Don't laugh. I did not really, but it is rich! I must run and tell Nat, for I quite forgot. Good-night. I must go now."

But I stood and watched him out of sight. There was a strange gentleness everywhere on everything to-night, and though I may now how beautiful he looked in the fading twilight, that was not my thought as he turned for his last nod and good-bye.

Monday, August 6th.—Errol came over to walk with me to the school, as it is the day I give the children a singing-lesson, and while we waited for the work Letitia was cutting up, which we were to take, we sauntered in the kitchen garden, regaling ourselves upon gooseberries. Somehow the conversation turned upon old Mr. Cumberland, and the little he gives away.

"Are you ever scolded for what you give away, Errol?"

"Always."

"Then you must be scolded a great deal. But I suppose men don't mind."

"Were you ever scolded, Mayda?"

"Very, very often, though not so much as I deserved, I believe."

"By whom?"

"Do you know a name that might be set to the music of a sneeze?" And then I said it in a sneeze so naturally that Letitia answered from the garden, and joined us while we were laughing.

"Now, Errol, come to the warbling, and then you must question the boys."

"May I question the girls, too, including you?"

"It would not be a very brilliant examination to-day. Why, Errol, life itself is a burden almost too heavy to be borne this weather. My little mind, (though a kingdom, too, in its way), would close itself to all your logic, in this sun. The shadow of the honor would be more acceptable."

After all, I don't believe we thought much of the heat on the road, and as we came back the other way the cool fresh breeze blew on us from the sea. The old grand walk over the cliffs—the old game of shining lying lazily on the core—the old game of frightening each other among the rocks by our daring, out upon the points—the old goodly view of still, white ships as we sat resting on the heather, looking out across

the Channel—the old, old thoughts and fancies, perhaps, as we stood where we always stop involuntarily among the ferns and flowers, where we can see miles of land and sea, all beautiful, and at rest, on a summer evening such as this. We gazed and loitered, unwilling, in this bright and pleasant light, to bring our walk to an end. But we reached the Rectory-gate at last, and said good-bye. Before he closed the gate he called me back.

"Mayda, you make me forget everything. Mrs. Mark has made up her mind at last. She is bringing her daughter to Ashley Cottage after all; she says the advantages of the sea-air will counterbalance the inconveniences she anticipates. I wonder what they are to be, for the cottage is one of the most perfect little places I know. They arrive this evening, and I have the pleasant task of the reception."

"I suppose they will be with you a great deal."

"I suppose so."

"Don't they say Miss Mark is very beautiful?"

"Most beautiful. Madeleine, run down to the gate to-night after tea. I must only be away a minute. Good-bye."

When tea was over, and Letitia sitting at the open window, making the most of the fading light, Nat playing, as he generally does before his night's writing begins, Ben came out to bed not feeling very well; I stole out and ran down to the gate. Errol was coming along the lane whistling softly.

"Ah! little white ghost, shall you vanish if I touch you? Mayda, his voice changed suddenly, "can I bind you to me more than you are bound?"

"Never, Errol."

"Then we will not look upon it in that light; but I am so proud of my gift, so proud of my blessing, that I would show every one that I have won it, and hold it mine." He had taken my left hand in his, and put a ring upon my finger; then he gave it a long kiss. "May it stay until I put another in its place." And I don't know what I had said when he was going.

"They are come," he called out carelessly, knowing my cheeks were too hot for me to venture to look up. "I hardly saw them properly, but I fancy Ida is as beautiful as report saith," and he was gone.

With a burning face I stood beside Nat, at the piano, and laid the hand with the diamonds on it upon his. He touched it gently, but his face was rather sad. "Madeleine, you will have no money troubles, then, as you have had with me. I think Nature has made a mistake; you should have married a poor man to show what poverty may be."

We joined Letitia, and she kissed me too, and said a few kind words. Then I went up-stairs with a cooling draught for Ben. He was lying dressed upon his bed, humming, with very little tune I must confess, "Oh dear, what can the matter be." Thinking it would be rather difficult to tell, I got him into bed. And now that the house is still, I can hear his breathing, quick and irregular even in his sleep; for I am writing at his bedside. I could not rest if I fancied him wakeful and in pain, poor boy. The light—half-hidden—shines upon my diamonds and their brightness is in my heart. I pray God help me to be worthy of the love they tell of.

Wednesday, August 8th.—Ben is worse, but Dr. Peters is very reassuring, and says he is not at all surprised at the way the poor boy wanders in his talk. I told him how Ben is perpetually fancying himself Christian on his pilgrimage, and that he cannot get the wicket-gate open; but he only laughed.

This afternoon Nat called at Ashley Cottage. He says the rooms are most comfortable, and that Mrs. Mark complains of a good deal; surely she need not, in that pleasant spot! He thinks Miss Mark very lovely, but cold and stiff. I'm afraid I cannot like her if she is. Errol was there when he went, and he left him there. Of course he is trying to make them feel less strange. I did not expect him to call here to-day.

Saturday, August 11th.—Letitia and I went to-day to call on Mrs. Mark and her daughter. I think they were very disagreeable, and I should like never to call again. I am sure they were laughing at Letitia all the time. They could not do so at me very easily, as I kept my eyes wide open and fixed upon one or the other of them. They told us they thought they should find it very dull here, having no entertaining ladies in the neighborhood. I knew they meant no ladies who would entertain them with dinners and dances, and I thought for one moment of the little dining-room at home, and the small dishes that Letitia helps to cook and longed to take her away from their contempt.

We maintained a daintily iced conversation until Letitia discovered, as a brilliant idea, that she knew a lady, whose name they mentioned, and she spoke of her in her outspoken, warm-hearted way. Miss Mark gently laid more ice upon it, and disparaged several more poor unoffending people; so that it was an intense relief when Errol became the subject of conversation, and they praised him energetically. Mrs. Mark seems to have very few ideas apart from her pride and her daughter. I think, indeed, the one word might express the two. I was amused to see the way she watched and waited on her, as I was shocked to see the way Ida slighted and contradicted her. I wonder how I should treat my mother if I had one? I am afraid I hated her when I felt that she was lovely enough to excuse her pride as she came out with us, smiling now, in her trailing white dress and soft bright ribbons—so different to me in my plain blue calico. For one minute there was a bitter longing and rebelling in my heart as I felt this indifference, and knew how any one must notice it; any one meeting us there, for instance. But better thoughts came soon; and as the footsteps that I knew so well drew near, I stood more closely still beside her. He hastened up to her and shook hands, hardly turning his eyes from her face as he did so afterwards with Letitia and me. Then as we passed through the gate, he raised his hat to us and walked in with her. Who can wonder? We were rather quiet on our way home, and I went at once to Ben's room, where he is performing a slow recovery. He greeted me cheerfully.

"Miss May, I'm so glad you are come; what do you think I have been doing? making something?"

"Not a mistake, I hope."

"No, a poem."

"Have you really? show it to me."

"I haven't written it, I must tell it to you."

"When the whispering wind is weary, and lies resting in its race,

Then I murmur for Miss Madeleine with her fair and funny face."



A LADY OF CAIRO AND HER GALIA SLAVE.

The Galia Tribes, from South Central Africa, broke like a flood many centuries ago upon Abyssinia, already weakened by its wars with the Mohammedan Arabs. Large portions of Abyssinia were conquered, leaving isolated portions of the Christian

tribes of Abyssinia in possession of a precarious independence. During the last century, the Abyssinians have had rather the upper hand, and many Galia captives have been taken, and sold as slaves, some of them drifting down to Cairo.

"Oh, famous! Why, Ben, every line is alliteration."

He smiled complacently. "Not only alliteration, Miss May, but the words all begin with the same letter."

I laughed outright, but Ben is too good-natured to feel hurt at that. When I recovered, I asked him very anxiously, "Had he ever published any poetry?"

"Not quite, Miss May. I sent some to a magazine."

"And didn't they put it in?"

"No, I don't think they had room just then."

"Was it pretty?"

"I think so; it was about a girl."

"Most poems are, Ben; and did you send it anonymously?"

As usual, it was only for a moment that Ben was baffled by the word he did not understand.

"Well, yes—rather anonymously, Miss May, and I was vain to lay my head upon the bed, and laugh once more. How long I wonder will it take Nat to teach him not to make meanings for himself? I raised my head, and asked more gravely than I meant to do, "And so I have a funny face, Ben, have I?"

"Fair and funny, don't leave any of it out, please."

"Do you like it, Ben?"

"Don't I, and doesn't everybody? And, Miss Madeleine, Ben lowered his voice respectfully, "doesn't a certain person think it the fairest in all the world, even if he does not think it the funniest as I do? He loves you just as well as I do."

I smiled a little. "And Ben if he—left off caring for—my face, you would too, I suppose?"

"I should love it more."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know—it would have a different look, I think."

"More funny?"

"Less funny, and I should be obliged to love it more, however impossible it may seem, if it had a sorrow upon it. But, Miss May, look up! He told me if I troubled you he should take you away, for that he would not have a care upon the fairest face in all the world; and I know he has seen all the great actresses and the princesses."

I hid my face, laughing once more. A laugh always does me good, so it must have been that which sent me down to dinner hungry and happy. I wonder why Nat seemed so vexed that Errol had neglected some appointment with him; he always used to make ready excuses for him in such a case.

I sat with Ben in the evening; and when I went down to make the tea, I put a bright little rose in my hair, and felt quite sure that somebody would come, as he did. And I dare say we were earlier than usual, or he would have come at the beginning of tea instead of nearly at the end. He was merry and gentle as ever, it was only my fancy that made him seem rather absent. He did not mention the Marks at first: when he did, he asked me how I had enjoyed my visit.

"I have enjoyed things more, once or twice."

"Why?"

"I am afraid I was not sufficiently impressed with the companionship of High Society fully to appreciate the honor; besides which, I did somewhat to make High Society blush."

"Mayda!"

"And yet, no. I remember it did not blush; I remarked, on the contrary, that High Society was so perfectly satisfied with its own height, and so very much too lofty to see small things below it, that it was impossible for it to feel the very sharp and painful kicks it sometimes gave to small things."

"But May," said Nat, gently, "you would never speak ill of those whom One, who knows best of all what places we can fill, has set above you—simply because they are above you?"

"Ah, no, indeed; indeed no. Many of them, most of them, are as much above the

petty faults and meanness of life as they are above its waste and care."

I hardly knew what I said, thinking of them and of one beside me higher still and yet so different. But the subject did not drop there; Errol began praising Ida's beauty.

"She reminds me," he said, presently, glancing I thought rather nervously towards Nat, "of the Old Testament women."

"Not of Jael or Jezebel, surely," I said, demurely, pretending to be engrossed with the sugar for Nat's fourth cup.

"Madeleine!" Letitia looked reprovingly, but Errol went on, only a little put out by my interruption.

"She reminds me of Rachel, I think, and those other grand Old Testament women."

"I hope Miss Mark is not like the generalities of them," I said. "Would she steel like Rachel, or tell falsehoods like Sarah, or teach her son to do it, like Rebecca, or hanker after the evil like Mrs. Lot, or—"

Nat's eyes stopped me.

"Madeleine, you are forgetting yourself."

I gave a little forced laugh.

"No, I'm not, Nat, dear, only—wherein lies the likeness to Miss Mark, Errol?"

"I meant in appearance only; with that thick, dark hair, and those long, Eastern eyes. She is exactly like the pictures we see of Rebecca, or Ruth, or, as I said before, the generalities of the Old Testament women."

"In all of whom," said Nat, quietly, "there was good enough to redeem the evil, which, in itself, generally answered some great purpose of the Divine will."

I remember little else that was said, but Errol's manner was very gentle and quiet when he left us. Ah, me! my little rose is faded, and I am very tired!

Sunday, August 12th.—Perhaps it was because my thoughts have been running a good deal lately on the decorations I contemplate for the Harvest Thanksgiving, and my eyes have grown accustomed to look upon all green luxuriance with an eye to wreaths and arches that made me this morning—as I turned over my music to find a pretty Voluntary with some vain idea of showing off more than usual—give quite a start on my seat, as I glanced at the arched door and fancied some one had sent me a supply towards my decorations at rather an unseasonable hour. Only for one moment, I suppose, for I soon distinguished Mrs. Mark's face below the verdure, and a pair of broad, green ribbons attaching it to her venerable chin. I laid my hands on the keys, hurriedly then, that I might not look further, and I played Mozart's *Benedictus* with a nervous trembling in my fingers that I never knew before. Nat was reading the Second Lesson before I looked into the large pew near me. If I thought her beautiful yesterday, I must think her doubly so to-day in her bright, elegant dress, the wonderful dark lashes lying on her pale cheeks, as she bent her eyes upon her book. I ought to be ashamed even to write it here, but I gave my old lavender muslin an angry look, behind the harmonium, and then catching sight of a well-developed patch, I felt an angry lump rise in my throat, and I tapped my foot impatiently as I tried to keep back a wicked tear. I never listened to Nat's sermon this morning. Why couldn't I? But somehow, when he gave out the words, "And Moses drew near unto the great darkness where God was," I fell to wondering if it must be always so. Is it only in the great darkness that we draw near unto him? and wondering that, and fearing that it was so, and hoping that I would be in every darkness, I grew so lost in my own thoughts, that I hardly knew at all what Nat said of it. Errol sat in his old corner opposite me in the great pew, and his face had a flush upon it, and his eyes were restless, and he only looked at me once, and that was when I played a fearful chord in the *Venite*, and put all the singers out. The Marks stopped in the churchyard for the carriage, and Nat told them he was

going over to preach at Little Ashley in the afternoon. Errol said, in his old, impulsive way, that he would walk over too. "I asked Miss Mark if she were going. 'Thank you,' she said, coldly. 'I do not think I shall care to go so far.' Then I knew quite well, that I should not see the face I loved there, though he said it. I tried to think the walk to Little Ashley as pleasant as in the old times, and I leaned upon Nat's arm, and laughed and talked with him, falling at last into one of our serious, quiet conversations that I love so well. The country had that resting look upon it that it has on Summer Sundays, and the peace of it was in our hearts. We stood a long time looking across the sea, while the church-bells chimed in the distance. I wonder why it is that looking on it always stirs my hot, rebellious feelings. Is it because it even more over-reckers the wilderness? Peace, be still," I breathed once above me, and which cannot die? or is it that, as I have often fancied, the Spirit of God still moves upon the face of the waters? Certainly peace and rest come to me always from the sea. Why should I feel unhappy as I do? 'Tis only seven short weeks since Errol Cumberland, the greatest, truest gentleman in all the land, asked me for my love, and gave me his. Could the love he gave have died so suddenly? Could mine? But I must not judge him by that test. How could I ever be tempted as he is?"

As usual, something happened in church to lower me in the estimation of the public. We were singing very slowly and impressively when some one, feeling the church too warm, opened the door, and with a stately step and lofty bearing, in walked my noble Brutus, whom I had deposited so carefully inside the vicarage yard to wait for us. He walked up the aisle, sniffing inquisitively, my heart sinking lower at each step. Our door was unlatched, so he coolly pushed it open, walked in, and stood in the middle of the pew. Then he listened attentively for a minute; but the words, or more probably the tune, not meeting with his approbation, he raised his head, and gave a long, low whistle, which I believe he would have kept up through the hymn, only that Mrs. Topham, driven apparently to distraction, took up a cushion and chided him. He looked at her while he snatched up his hat in a despairing manner, say, then he took refuge at my side. Mrs. Topham scolded him up, and I kept my eyes on my book, singing solemnly, and left the little affair for her to settle. The cushion was in action again, Brutus driven out of the pew, and the door shut. Poor Nat must have been very angry, as of course he would not feel inclined to laugh in the pulpit. Ben would undoubtedly have made a diversion, had he not been peacefully slumbering.

I am writing early to-night. I don't think Errol will come in to tea. Perhaps he may, but I dare say he is at the Cottage, as he knows they find it lonely. It was so hard to sit down stairs, and not to listen for him, that I came away to write. Letitia is reclining in a suspicious manner on the couch, with a comfortable droop in her forehead, and little strange sounds issuing apparently from the back of her neck. Nat, too, is enveloped in a lethargy more nearly bordering on somnolence than I should have expected in a person of his parts. So it is better not to rouse them for tea just yet. I will wait a little longer.

I wonder what they are doing over there at the Cottage? The grand old trees around the Towers hide them all from me. Is that the only separation between my life and theirs?

When I had written so far, I went down, for I heard a step I knew, in the drawing-room, against the window, in the sunset light, stood Errol, so grand-looking in his evening dress, so handsome with the changing brilliancy in his eyes, which made him look unlike the Errol Cumberland of old.

"I came for a little talk, Mayda, as I could not go to church. May I have tea with you?" And as I took the keys and made it, my heart was light with happiness.

I told him of my misadventure in Little Ashley church, and he laughed that low, clear laugh of his which seems to make every one join in it, whether they will or no; then he bent his bright face over my dog, and looked gravely into the intelligent eyes that always brightened at a word from him. "It is Brutus!" The sad, serious words came so unexpectedly that Nat started, and that made the laugh still all the merrier, and we were all very cheerful and happy until tea was over, when Errol seemed to grow absent and quiet. Presently he said, the flush coming back to his face, "You did not say many words to Miss Mark this morning, Madeleine."

"Yes I did, just twice as many as she said to me."

"She is the stranger. You are expected to take the initiative."

"Am I not a stranger too—to her, Errol?"

"But you are at home here; besides, you are never shy."

"Yes I am—with Miss Mark."

"Why?"

"Because she didn't like my bonnet—or jacket—or gloves."

"Nonsense, you know your dress is always perfection; why should you fancy such things?"

"I don't fancy it. I saw it in the elevation of her nostril; and why did she curtsey when she went, and not touch my hand?"

"Why, May, that is not pride. They seldom shake hands at first sight among the sort of people she lives with."

"But this is second sight, and I know it was the gloves, and I don't care for her, but she is very, very beautiful." I felt hot and angry, and brought out each sentence with a jerk.

"She is, indeed," he answered eagerly; "more beautiful than any one I ever saw; is she not, Nat?"

"I don't know all the people you ever saw," said Nat, coldly.

"But is not Miss Mark very beautiful?"

"I would rather have her head in marble at once; then I should not have the disappointment of expecting a change that never comes. I got very weary of its sameness this morning. I would not care a bit about my sermons if all my congregation looked so."

"May," said Errol, rather abruptly, "will you come with us to Fonth with on Tuesday? Ida and I ride, Mrs. Mark and my father drive. Which will you do?"

I felt my eyes burning as if the lids would never close over them again; but I hope I answered naturally when I declined to go at all. He urged me a little, but soon dropped it, and rose to go.

"You will come to the Towers and meet Ida often, won't you? The more you know of her the more you will like her."

"I hope so. Yes, I will come. Good-bye."

Then he went, and the sunset light was gone, leaving the room full of a strange, sad twilight; and the grand old sacred melodies Nat played sounded to me like mournful cries for something lost; still I could hear it no longer, and came to write away my gloomy and impatient thoughts.

PART II.

Thursday, August 3rd.—The days have passed so uneventfully during the last fortnight, that I was glad this morning to think that to-day would bring the change of the school-term, although last night I had a weary wish that it were over.

I run at dawn to look anxiously at the sky, and standing at my window, prayed a little prayer for the children's pleasure; and then I asked him who knows how hard some little things are to bear to take me out of myself to-day.

Ben is getting well rapidly; he is wonderfully improved, and even has a blithe expression of countenance.

Nat is looking anxious and troubled. He says it is the heat; but the last few days have not been very hot, and still he looks anxious. Lettie was very busy all the morning cutting cake. I proposed borrowing the machine with which they cut the bread at the workhouse, and settling Ben to it, but she did not seem to consider it a good plan, and alighted my generous offer of making it all right to-morrow with the board. I spent my morning in preparing games to be played and prizes to be won; Ben in setting hurdles for the boys to jump.

The Bents and Leslies came to lunch, then the children arrived, and at the same time the carriage from the Towers came, and I went to the door with the Marks and Errol.

Errol jumped down and gave his hand to Mrs. Mark, who stood, after hurriedly speaking to me, to beg her daughter not to wait about in the sun, nor to walk too much, nor to—Oh, I don't know what; but I'm afraid I gave a little stamp when she turned at last to explain that "Ida was so fragile."

"I will take care that she is obedient," Mrs. Mark said, Errol, gayly, as he helped her down, with a laughing, intent look into her face.

Mr. Bent led Mrs. Mark to the field, where he made her comfortable under a tree, and where, as she said, she could watch dear Ida and us all. I hope she found it pleasant!

"Now, Madeleine," said Errol, as he came up to me, "what shall we do to make ourselves generally amiable?"

"Are you generally unamiable?" said I.

"It is too hot to do anything very energetic," said Miss Mark, looking more lively than I had ever seen her look before.

"Would you like a seat in the shade?" I asked, wishing to make it as little unpleasant as possible, and feeling that she would not care for this kind of thing.

"No, thank you; I will watch them playing—your brother seems very attentive and kind to the children. Don't let me keep you."

No I went, and left them; and if I remember rather sadly who was the life of every game a year ago, I tried very hard to forget it again.

Errol played a little, but I suppose he felt that Ida, Mark was in his charge, and so he was a great deal at her side.

No use now my crushing it down and trying to hide it. No use my laughing so carelessly to Nat, or beating down my pride. I know it; see it plainly. He follows her blindly with hardly one thought for any one beside—infatuated, powerless; and I will not mind. They are suited to each other; both beautiful, high-born, and rich. God helping me, I will stand aside and see them happy. But I determined only to write of the day, itself, for my strength is wavering yet.

I said the evening went off well. To say that the tea and cakes did too would be but a mild way of describing their rapid disappearance. The children cheered us all, and sang the National Anthem in loyal style; and if it diverged into several distinct keys, I am sure it was nobody's fault in particular, though of course it happened that Miss Mark asked at a crisis, who taught the singing and the ready answer, "Miss Madeleine Blackwood," seemed to me more terrible than all the discord. While I stood a little behind I tried to put them right again, but stopped, feeling my voice tremble. Errol, who stood in the group, touched me, and whispered in his gentle way, "Your are tired, Mayda—you have done too much." My face, when I raised it, must have looked very weary, for his eyes saddened as they looked into mine; and as the last note—sustained during a lengthened period by one small child died away—he said merrily, applauding, "Famous! Why, I felt hopeless about harmony when I contemplated the chief singers inhaling their seventh distribution of ink. How they can sing upon it, I would give a song to know—wouldn't you, Miss Blackwood?" Lettie laughingly turned to Mrs. Mark, who, feeling she ought to take an interest in something, asked if one of the children might say a hymn to her.

I think I enjoyed our tea out upon the lawn. It was such a lovely evening, and the day's work so nearly over. The servants were playing with the children, so we waited on ourselves, and Nat was so thoughtful and Ben so active, that there was very little trouble. Errol began very gallantly, but he soon forgot himself in his earnest talk with Ida about some great fete in London. Was it at all like his old talk? They were going to dine at the Towers, so they left earlier than they would have done.

After we had dismissed the children, we stood resting a few minutes at the gate. Presently a group of miners flocked past, with anxious faces.

"Have you heard, sir? There has been an accident at the Great Ashley Mine—the engineer smothered."

Nat was gone before we had even understood, and we trembled as we waited for we knew not what; until at last the men, who had crowded to the spot, went slowly past the rectory gate, answering only by a word when we stopped them for a moment. They had found him standing as he had been buried, under the falling earth—his pocket-book and pencil in his hands. It had been done very quickly—thank God! The autumn twilight gathered round us, but far away there were "the coppers singing as they carried home their shovels," and at last, far away too, we saw the miners—ah! well, not singing—as they carried home their burdens. Does not somebody say, "Some must work while others weep; thus runs the world away?" Run to those who work,

perhaps, but rather creep to those who weep.

Nat was more stern to-night, I think, than I have ever seen him—and his voice was low with passion when he said to Lettie—

"Cumberland should have been there; the mine is his."

"But you were better, Nat," I said, coming up to them.

"Need I have been absent for him to go?"

I said no more for fear; and I am come to bed feeling, I think, for the first time in my life, discontented with my brother. What shall I do to be patient in this drearyness?

Are there any to mourn for him who died so sadly and so suddenly to-day? How can I learn to remember always that his tender mercy is over all his works!

Wednesday, September 3th.—Is it harder to bear than it was yesterday? We say suspense is worst of all. Ah! no, this is hardest. Nonsense to write so—I will merely tell of it.

Nat and Lettie wished me to go to the archery meeting at the Towers to-day, else I would rather have stayed at home with them. It was a very pretty sight—a gay, beautiful sight. Everybody was very kind to me, and I enjoyed the shooting as usual. When the contest was over we separated to walk through the grounds. I strolled with the Leslies to the wild part of the park, where the trees open to a view of the sea and the cliffs below them. When we were half way back again, I left them quietly and returned, thinking how pleasant a few minutes there alone would be. I sat down, leaning against a burly old pollard facing the white, quiet sea, and in the perfect stillness there was infinite peace.

"You know, Ida," there was no money in his voice, it was eager and excited. I drew back, thinking I would rather not be found there alone. I don't know why I should have minded it, but I did. They came closer and I recognised them, Errol's and Ida's. She was speaking in the slow monotonous tone that never had moved me to one warm, loving feeling for her.

"But I do think it so, really. I don't remember ever having seen a more beautiful place. You must be very proud of it, Mr. Cumberland."

"I am very proud of it—to-day—for it is beautiful as it never was before."

"Why so?" Her voice had no change in it, but I felt how lovely she must look as she turned to him. And the sea-birds flew in the distance, and I was watching them.

"You know, Ida," there was no money in his voice, it was eager and excited.

"And if it might have this beauty always, I could indeed be proud. Can it—shall it?"

I gave no time for thought; I will not stop to think even now what would have been better—as I did not stop then—I rose slowly and joined them, never looking at her, though I saw so plainly in her face all that he could wish to see in answer to his words. I stood by them more quiet and still, I think, than I had ever stood beside him before.

I have stayed behind my party watching the gulls. I thought this such a pleasant spot, Mr. Cumberland; but I'm tired of it now."

I looked into his eyes. They read all I had left unsaid; he knew all I had heard although they never fell. They had a bright light in them that I did not like. Mine had a change in them too, I'm sure, with all my steadiness.

"Miss Mark, will you examine this wild little spot, as you wished, while I take Miss Blackwood to a place of which she is not tired?"

How could he say it? She sat down almost where I had done, and Errol followed me as I walked silently away. As we came in sight of the party on the archery ground we were turning away from the steep, rocky declivity on our left; then I stopped.

"Errol," I said, drawing off my glove, and trying not to let my voice or my hand tremble. "Before you go back I will make it easier still. There, it is no sin now. You will receive her answer guiltless." I drew the false and glittering diamonds from the finger on which he had put them, and threw them down among the stones and brambles, a hundred feet below us. He never spoke or moved; no agony, no trouble in his face; only a passing cloud; and before I was out of sight he had turned to rejoin her. I had gone with the Leslies, so I could not leave until they did. Shall I be called upon to spend many such weary times as that? Many perhaps now. O for strength to do it bravely! Two lines that I have somewhere read are strangely haunting me to-night. "God has established the thing; no complaining will unestablish it." Then is it best? If He has established it, it must be best. Some have more to bear than this. It can be done, and it shall.

"For the lost dream the heart may ache—The heart may ache but may not burst; He will not leave thee nor forsake."

O, if I were like Nat—"content with Him."

That reminds me, he and Lettie have quite decided that I am to go to Ireland to Aunt Bessie. He is to take me on Wednesday, and I will try that it shall do me good, as Lettie says—but in more ways than she can mean.

Tuesday, September 11th.—To-morrow we start on our journey, and I am glad now that I am going. Sometimes the air here seems to stifle me, and I feel as if I could not breathe until I climb the mountains round us. I have said good-bye to all but those at home—that is the worst part of all. I don't know how I shall say it to Lettie and Ben to-morrow. Poor Ben, he is not so studious, even yet, as he might be. Nat grew rather stern with him after he got well, and insisted on his getting up early in the mornings to study. So I went to call him and wait at the door until I heard him up—knowing so well his weakness on that point; but, to my great surprise, he never even then appeared when I expected him, yet had everything ready for his lessons. So I pressed to know how this could be, and at last he owned it to me confidentially.

"Well, Miss May, I do generally first get into bed for a minute to—warm my feet." The idea was so novel I could only laugh; but I had to think of another expedient, and now I wait at his door until he assures me that he has thoroughly unmade his bed.

Lettie and I had a day's shopping yesterday—a thing I do dislike beyond all things. We went through the usual process of searching, with a business-like and absorbed expression on our faces, up an avenue of men in clerical costume—a good deal more glossy than poor Nat's—all so painfully devoted to

our interest, that I look upon it as a duty to purchase what they condescend to select, even if I am unfortunate enough to have been previously led away by something else. I did not buy another gay hat though. To my great surprise, Lettie tried to persuade me to; and I don't remember ever having chosen before a dark brown dress.

Good-bye, my little book, till I come home. I could not write anywhere but here. The moonlight sleeps upon the Towers and upon us. The gentle kindness of our Father watches over both.

O, Errol, Errol, away in Ireland I will pray, as I pray now, for your perfect happiness!

Tuesday, October 3th.—Home again! and very glad to be so, though at present suffering from a great affliction. The hours I spent between Dublin and Bristol, though to unprejudiced ears they sound so few, had the agony of a month condensed in them; and I felt the passage as rough as ever, as I sat in the drawing-room to-night, trying to feel sure that the lamp did not sway—trying to forget that stifling, indescribable smell of cabin and brandy—and the voices of strong men over my head who never thought of being ill; and brisk stewardesses who walked at critical moments as if nothing were happening. All to no purpose; and I think I must decide like Ben to go to Dublin next time by land.

No change at the Rectory; dear old Nat and Lettie the same as ever; but—though it seems so long—I have only been away seven weeks after all! But changes elsewhere.

Nat told me all as we sat over the cheerful, little fire together. O Errol, for the old time to have been unbroken now! "May, dear, I knew that this would be," said Nat, looking into the fire as he always does when there is one to look into. "I knew that she was false from the first, false and heartless; and I am sure he had begun to know it too before he went to London, as he had grown silent and saddened; but she was engaged to him and was very great here, especially at the Towers, and there was no apparent difference till he went. I never shall forget the change in him when he came home; he was not and then so much as proud and stern, altogether unlike his old self. He spoke to her at once and went away again—thoughtfully, I believe, for her sake—but Mrs. Mark left her directly at her daughter's bidding. They are in London now, as I hear."

"I'll tell me exactly what he heard there, Nat."

"It seems, Mayda, that Errol chanced to make the acquaintance of the very gentleman whom she had promised to marry as soon as she had received the promotion he was then daily expecting, and who held himself engaged to her."

"Did Mr. Cumberland tell him?"

"No. He came home and told her, as I said, and if she was not ashamed then, I wonder what would shame her."

"I always knew," said Lettie, "that it was the wealth she cared for."

"But we don't know, Lettie; she may have loved him really, though she could not have loved the other gentleman."

"To whom, nevertheless, she had betrothed herself," she added, scornfully.

"Where is he, Nat?"

"At home now, darling, with his father."

"Is old Mr. Cumberland very ill?"

"He has been; he is a little better now. Errol has nursed him tenderly as a woman could have done."

"And how—how does he look himself, Nat?"

"Very unhappy—very much older—changed greatly. You must expect to see that."

I have been looking closely, and I see the change too in myself quite as great. Very unhappy, very old! Oh, is there any comfort for him in the time to come?"

Saturday, November 3rd.—This has been a day of great anxiety to us all. Nat was at the Towers until the evening, when he came home, telling us Mr. Cumberland was a little better and Errol less hopeless about him, though I did not think, from the way he told us, that he himself was less so at all.

He was resting on his low chair at the fire, looking into it as usual with a very thoughtful face—I playing, as softly as I could, one of Handel's glorious melodies—Lettie working and Ben studying, both in the firelight—when the door opened and my heart beat as I heard the familiar footstep. I turned, with my hand held out. We had not met since the day I threw away the pledge of his broken truth, and it was almost hard to recognize the white, worn face. He bowed without touching my proffered hand and spoke to Nat, pushing the hair from his face, almost as if bewildered.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye." The beautiful air rang in my head, throwing a wild, sorrowful cadence over his low words.

"Will you come once more, Nat? he is asking for you. I could not send to summon you after your long, patient help; but I thought if I came for you, you would add this to all you have done."

Nat rose instantly. "I will hasten on; you are tired, and can come slowly."

Lettie followed to get him a comforter, and I stood opposite to Errol and spoke as naturally as I could. "Will you accept my sympathy in your sorrow?"

I remember that, as I spoke, all the unquiet past seemed to be gone, and a strange unthought of future to gather round us. Could it be death? Oh, no! not that!

Raising his eyes one moment, so doubly dark they looked in his pallid face, he gave me a simple word of thanks and turned away. O Errol, not even now!

Nat has just come home, and I went down to him. Mr. Cumberland is dead—died with his hand in Errol's; and Errol is a lonely, rich man, proud as he never was before—ill and lonely. Oh, all to late! "Comfort ye, comfort ye." How it haunts me in all its wondrous pitifulness!

Monday, December 31st.—Shall I write it? Why not? What eyes beside my own will ever look upon it? I could not write it all through Errol's illness, though I often used to try, that it might take my thoughts from their anxious yearning for him whom I had no right to yearn for more than others, whom I longed so bitterly to see, but who was so far away from me while I looked out in my loneliness upon his home.

He is much better now, and for the last few bright, mild days he has been wheeled about in the garden, Nat walking beside him always. Strange to say, Nat would tell me hardly anything of his illness, knowing, I suppose, how painful it is to hear of that kind of illness with so much delirium. But no words he could have told me would have

made that weary, dreadful time more weary or more hard to bear. Thank God! it is over, and I trust I did not make Nat or Lettie more unhappy.

Nat asked me once or twice to go with him, and wait in different parts of the park until he joined me, and he would tell me of Errol as we walked home. To-day he said Errol was going to walk with him, for that he was strong enough for anything now, and he left me on a quaint old seat under the trees, that stood bare against the blue, wintry sky. To that very spot Errol had brought Nat, and Lettie, and me, the first day we visited Ashley Towers, and there we stood and watched the sea dancing in the sunlight, the branches arched above us, rich and heavy with their summer foliage. Now the waves broke quietly and coldly on the beach, and the boughs were bare and gloomy above me as I sat alone. I remembered the beauty of everything on that day. It was only five years ago, and I was a child in every way, as I stood beside them, silently feeling the peacefulness of the summer afternoon in that still, shady spot; but it was nearer to my thoughts, nearer in my memory, than that day only three months ago, when I had turned from him so passionately, and thrown away his ring; and then I waited, thinking—thinking, no need to tell with how much pain—of the time since then.

Nat had not been long away when I heard his step returning, but I did not turn to look until it came quite close. The tall figure bowed with weakness, the white and weary-looking face were not Nat's, and I started and turned pale.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Blackwood. Your brother said he would follow, if I would walk this way. I would not have disturbed you if I had known. I beg your pardon."

Not even yet! . . . My heart stood so still I could not answer; could only look wonderingly into the changed face.

"Please to tell him I have passed on."

"Pass on so! My cry rang through the trees. "Errol, Errol, I cannot bear it!" Motionless before me, looking now intently in my face, he waited.

"Oh, Errol, if I may comfort you, I will—indeed I will."

A quick, sudden drawing of his breath and one step towards me; that was all—no softening of the stern, white face.

"Errol, may I tell you something of the love of my life?"

"Yes, do, that it may break my heart at once; 'twill be a fitting end."

"Long ago I gave my love to some one so entirely, unchangeably, that now, because he has taken his from me, my heart is breaking."

He raised his hand as if to put me away from him, and spoke through his closed teeth. "This is pity for me—only pity."

"Not pity, Errol, for when I offer you the love you used to prize, I will not be content without the love I used to prize, and would prize now if it were mine."

A sudden and wonderful change had come into his face, and after a moment's pause he drew me to him with a passionate tenderness.

"My love, my love! in my weakness and misery you have brought me strength and happiness. I feel so low—my pure little love, can you forgive it?"

"I feel, Errol, as if it had never been."

"My brave, true-hearted little girl! I never dare have spoken—never dare have told you that my love for you was killing me; that it rose in all its strength to torture me from the moment that you spurned it. Oh, how I wronged you, Madeleine! but I have suffered more than you can ever know."

The agony of his love and penitence made me fear for him while he was so weak. "Errol, will you go in now and rest?"

He held me still and gazed into my eyes. "The beautiful, truthful eyes of old. If they had not come back to me, I must have hidden myself from them for ever. Mayda, this was where I first looked into them and saw their loveliness. It was a childish, merry face then, with all its dreamy look upon the sea, and there is the childish look upon it still. Five years ago, and the little face with its wondering, admiring eyes has haunted this spot ever since. I often thought I was here in my illness; Nat knew, and said I was here in my illness. But could I ever dream that this should be a reality? I, so unworthy. My darling, how shall I thank God for this?" He stood a little while, silent and bare-headed, and because I thought I knew why it was, I thanked Him too. Then Errol bent down once more. "How shall I know all this is not a dream, Mayda, unless you will take it?"

He drew something from his breast and looked into my face. My own ring—the ring I so contemptuously drew off before.

"When did you find it—how?"

"That very evening, after all were gone. I put it sacredly away even then, though valued so little, so cherished since."

I held out my hand and he put it on once more, and then we went to meet Nat. He knew everything as soon as he saw us together, but Errol never thought of that.

"Nat," he said, "good brother, even in my sin and misery, will you give her to me once again, to love and guard and cherish through our lives?"

"With all my heart, dear fellow—if she likes."

"I like, Nat."

Then we went on to the house, and Errol was so unwilling for us to leave him, that Nat promised to fetch him to the Rectory to-morrow morning, but he says quietly that I may take Jerks and drive him. He told Lettie that Errol looked magnificent in his happiness, and Lettie was so happy to hear of it all.

Ben stopped me on the stairs to-night—sleepy as he must have been.

"I waited to see you alone, Miss May. I thought this was coming, and though I don't know what we shall do without you here, of course I am very glad. I shall come to the Towers very often, if I may."

"I hope so, indeed; and will you write me any more poetry, Ben?"

"I will, if you will promise not to show it to him."

Which I did not do.

A long life of love with no sorrow in it! Once I longed so for it, but I don't know that I would change it now. I think the sorrow has purified and strengthened the love, and as for the long life—God's will be done.

There were no marks beyond that day, and I raised my eyes, only half conscious of where I was. Then I laid my two hands lovingly upon the book and looked into the darkening room.

"Papa, I know that pretty spot above the sea; no wonder that you love it so."

No wonder, dear, indeed."

He had risen and was standing beside me

in the window, his gentle touch upon my head.

"You are just the age now that she was—at that time you have read of. I wished you to know that story of your mother's life, though she would never have shown it. You shall read the rest when you can understand it better."

"How, papa?"

He smiled, and following his eyes, I saw that Ben Carson, Uncle Nat's old pupil—his firm and constant friend—his fellow-helper in all good works—was coming towards us in the dim light.

"Will he help me to understand?" I whispered.

"Yes, in the time to come."

"And this is little Ben?" I said, criticizing him much, I am sure, to his surprise. "He must be wonderfully changed."

"So he is," my father said, looking kindly into the noble, honest face, "and yet—the Ben of old exactly."

Then Ben answered, tossing back his tawny hair as he did whenever he meant anything very earnestly. "Changed for any good by the unconscious teaching and the bright example of one you are so like, Madeleine."

"Am I like her? am I really like her, Ben?"

"In many things, but—not so beautiful." And I was glad each time he said it, and I think I had asked him very many times. I could not picture the mother whose memory was so sacred to me with the face I looked at every day. It was sweet to be like her, but I felt the great difference; and I loved Ben all the better when he told me of it in his open fearless way, quaintly reminding me of the boyish admiration I had just read of; though perhaps I need not have loved him better than I did that afternoon, when we three stood in the darkening twilight thinking of the past.

"Papa," I cried, clinging to him, the present all dreamy to me, while my thoughts were in my mother's book, "I can never be to you what she was, but I will try to grow like her; and this is to be Ben's home, you know."

Then I hid my face upon his shoulder, for I could not stop the tears.

"Hush, dear, no tears for that. There is no doubt or sorrow for her now."

"Madeleine, are you all alone there, and in the dark?"

"Dear Aunt Lettie, we have light enough."

To California by Rail.

For the information of those of our readers who contemplate making the trip to California by way of the Pacific Railroad just completed, we copy the following:

The running time from Chicago to San Francisco, under the present schedule, is five days and a half. The express passenger train leaves Chicago at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and is 24 hours in reaching the Missouri river at Omaha. In this part of its journey the traveller sees by daylight some of the best parts of Illinois and Iowa, but crosses the Mississippi river at night. Leaving Omaha about four o'clock in the afternoon, he passes through the first and best one hundred miles of Nebraska by daylight. During the night, he is going over the most notorious country of the Plains, and reaches the parting of the Platte river for an early breakfast. From there to Cheyenne, which he reaches at half-past four, he is still upon the Plains, of which he sees enough to satisfy his curiosity. From Cheyenne to Laramie, the most interesting of the ascent of the high table lands of the Rocky Mountains, he still has the benefit of daylight, and during it he passes from Laramie over the highest point on the whole line between the two oceans to Bitter Creek. He sees nothing because of the darkness, but loses nothing, as the country is barren and uninteresting. From Bitter Creek to Wasatch, which he passes over during the daytime, he sees a portion of the desert country of the mountains, but he enters and passes through the interesting section of the Buttes, crosses the Green River, goes by Fort Bridger, and with much that is dull and barren, yet adds, also, much that is most inspiring and strange in natural scenery. From Wasatch to Ogden, in the Salt Lake valley, through Echo and Weber canyons, and through Devil's Gate, the train goes in the evening, and the traveller loses some of the most desirable scenery upon the whole route of the Pacific Railroad. On the return trip, too, he passes the same section in the night.

At present, only one express train is run each way; but when the travel justifies double daily trains, as it soon will, care could be taken to secure on the return journey the scenery which the passenger loses in going out, so that the ride back and forth will afford him by daylight the entire panorama across the continent travel. At present, he enters the Salt Lake valley at Ogden at midnight, and reaches Promontory Point, at the head of the lake, early in the morning, three and a half days from Chicago, and two and a half from Omaha. Then he passes through the desert basin country along the valley of the Humboldt, during the daytime, and enters upon the grand ascent of the Sierra Nevada before the next morning. The descent into California, is made, however, and happily, by daylight; and the traveller reaches Sacramento on the evening of his fifth day from Chicago.

Education in England.

It is a mistake to suppose, as we perceive some tolerably well-informed people do, that there is no well-organized and general system of gratuitous or semi-gratuitous public education in England, and that the ignorance which prevails among certain classes of her people is wholly the result of the absence of the means of education. On the contrary, instead of there being no public schools in which education is afforded to any one who asks for it, there are no less than three different classes of these schools, which have been built up by the voluntary efforts of the three different religious parties which exist in England—the Episcopalians, the Dissenters and Non-Conformists of all denominations, and the Roman Catholics. There are in England and Wales 14,700 parishes, chapels, and other ecclesiastical districts, and there are only

"To save Don Sylvio, if he is alive," Mercedes answered in a calm, firm voice.

"You?"

"Yes, I! When I was sheltered, did you not open to me your home and your heart? You are suffering, and, in my turn, I have come to my 'here I am'!"

"But what can you do, my friend?"

"That is my answer. I know the Indians and the way of behaving with them, and speak their language. The only condition I make is, that you promise not to leave the estancia for three days, and not make any attempt to discover what has become of your betrothed."

Don Concha gazed at Mercedes, whose eyes sparkled with a clear and bright fire, her features breathed a species of masculine grace, and so soft and calm a smile played round her rosy lips, that Conchita felt herself subjugated, and, in spite of herself, hope re-entered her heart.

"I swear it to you," she said, as she embraced the girl warmly.

"Thanks," Mercedes replied. "Good-bye, Conchita! In three days you will have news of your betrothed, or I shall be dead."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INVASION.

Let us now give some explanations about the Indian expedition, and the preparations and arrangements made by Nocobotha, at the moment of attempting the siege of Carmen.

"If you succeed in this affair," Don Torribio had said to the two gauchos, after giving them orders to carry off Don Sylvio d'Arenal, "you will receive fifty ounces more. But forget nothing, and be careful."

Panchito and Corrocho, when left alone, shared the ounces between them with transports of joy.

Don Torribio mounted his horse again and proceeded to Carmen, where he spent several days in his house, though no one was aware of the fact. During his stay he had two interviews, under different disguises, with Pincheira, at the Pulperia del Bar, the usual meeting place of the gauchos. Each night, three or four miles, laden with hides, left the city, under the escort of Indians, and proceeded in the direction of the Andes.

At length, one night, after a long conference with Pincheira, Don Torribio left El Carmen in his turn, his presence in the town having not even been suspected. At six leagues from Carmen he found Panchito and Corrocho, whom he sharply upbraided for their sloth in executing his orders, and he recommended them to act as promptly as possible.

On the morrow, the day of the nandu hunt, Corrocho presented himself at the gate of the estancia, which Patito had refused to open.

On leaving the two bandits, Don Torribio proceeded to the natural grotto, where he had seen him change his clothes once before. There he put on his Indian trappings, and following the banks of the Rio Negro, galloped towards the island of Gholo-Isechel, where he had appointed to meet all the war detachments of the combined Patagonian and Araucano tribes.

The sight was one of the most delicious ever enjoyed in America. The fresh air, odorless with the penetrating perfumes of the flowers that grew in masses on the river banks, disposed the mind to reverie. The sky, of a dark black blue, was embroidered with stars, in the midst of which sparkled the dazzling Southern Cross, which the Indians call *Aron Chayke*. The moon poured its soft light on the sand, played on the foliage of the trees and designed fantastic forms on the sand-banks. The wind blew softly through the branches, in which the blue jays at intervals uttered the melodious notes of its plaintive song. Here and there, in the distance, could be heard the hoarse roar of the cougars, the sharp whine of the panther, and the snapping bark of the red wolf.

Nocobotha, intoxicated by this lovely autumn night, checked his horse's speed, and allowed his thoughts to wander. The descendant of Manco-Capal and Manco-Oello, the first Incas of Peru, saw pass and repass before his mind the splendors of his race, which had been extinct since the death of Atahualpa, the last Peruvian emperor, whom Pizarro's soldiers assassinated. His heart swelled with pride and joy when he thought that he was about to reconstitute the empire of his ancestors. The soil he trod was his; the air he breathed was the air of his country!

He went on thus for a long time, travelling in the land of dreams. The stars began to grow pale in the sky; the dawn was already tracing a white line, which gradually became tinged with yellow and red streaks, and, at the approach of day, the breeze freshened. Nocobotha, suddenly aroused by the icy dew of the pampa, threw his cloak across his shoulder, with a shudder, and started again at a gallop, after looking up to Heaven and muttering—

"Either death or a life of liberty!"

A sublime remark in the mouth of this man! Young, rich, and handsome, he might have remained in Paris, where he had studied, lived there like a nobleman, and enjoyed abundantly all the pleasures of this world. But, not free from all ambitious thoughts, and without calculating on human gratitude, he resolved to deliver his country.

At about eight in the morning, Nocobotha halted before an immense tolderia, facing the island of Gholo-Isechel. At this spot the Rio Negro attains its greatest width, and each of the arms formed by the island is about two miles and a half across. The island, that rises in the middle of the water, four leagues long and two wide, is one vast bouquet, whence the most delicious fragrance is exhaled, and in which innumerable birds sing. Illumined on this day by the beams of a splendid sun, the island seemed to have been laid on the river like a basket of flowers for the pleasure of the eyes and the delight of the fancy.

As far as the eye reached along the banks of the river, thousands of tolderas and chochos could be seen erected close together, and their strange colors flashing in the sun. Numerous canoes, made of horse-hides sewn together, and generally round, or hollowed out of the trunks of trees, crossed the river in every direction.

Nocobotha entrusted his horse to an Indian woman, and walked among the tolderas. In front of their openings the ostrich-plumed penons of the chiefs floated in the breeze.

He was recognized so soon as he arrived. The warriors drew up in line as he passed, or bowed respectfully before him. The veneration the southern nations have ever felt for the descendants of the Incas seemed changed into a species of adoration. The

bejewelled coronet that adorned his brow appeared to arouse the most lively joy in all hearts.

When he reached the river bank, a bebing canoe conveyed him across to the island, where a toldera had been prepared for him. Nocobotha, warned by the centinelas who watched for his arrival, presented himself before Nocobotha the moment he landed.

"The great chief," he said, with a bow, "is returned among his own. Has my father made a good journey?"

"I have made a good journey, I thank my brother."

"If my father permits, I will conduct him to his toldera."

"Go on," the chief said.

Lucaney bowed a second time, and guided the great chief along a track formed through the bushes. They soon reached a toldera of brilliant colors, large and clean, the handsomest on the island, in a word.

"My father is at home," Lucaney said, lifting the poncho that covered the opening.

Nocobotha went in.

"My brother will follow me," he said.

The wooden curtain fell again behind the two ulmens.

This abode, like the others contained a fire, by the side of which Nocobotha and Lucaney seated themselves. They smoked in silence for some moments, when the great chief addressed Lucaney.

"Have the ulmens, Apo-ulmens and caracakens of all the nations and tribes assembled on the island of Gholo-Isechel, as I gave orders?"

"They are all assembled," Lucaney answered.

"When will they come to my toldera?"

"The chiefs are awaiting my father's good pleasure."

"Time is precious. Before twilight we must have ridden twenty leagues. Lucaney will warn the chiefs."

The ulmen rose without replying and went out.

"Come!" Nocobotha said, so soon as he was alone, "the die is cast. I am in Caesar's position, but, by heavens, like him, I will cross the Rubicon."

He rose and walked for more than an hour up and down the toldera, immersed in deep thought. A noise of footsteps was heard; the curtain was raised, and Lucaney appeared.

"Well?" Nocobotha asked him.

"The chiefs are here."

"Let them come in!"

The ulmens, sixty at least, dressed in their richest clothes, and painted and armed for war, passed silently one after the other in front of the great chief, saluted him, kissed the hem of his robe, and ranged themselves round the fire. A troop of warriors, outside, kept listening aloof.

Nocobotha, in spite of his self-command, could not restrain a movement of pride.

"My brothers are welcome," he said, "I was impatiently expecting them. Lucaney, how many warriors have you assembled?"

"Two thousand five hundred."

"Chamata?"

"Three thousand."

"Metipan?"

"Two thousand."

"Vera?"

"Three thousand seven hundred."

"Kilapan?"

"One thousand nine hundred."

Nocobotha wrote down on his tablet the numbers stated by the ulmens, who, after answering, ranged themselves on his right hand.

"Lucaney," he continued, "is Pincheira's war party here?"

"Yes, father."

"How many warriors has he?"

"Four thousand eight hundred."

"Mulato, how many have you?"

"Four thousand."

"Guaykilo?"

"Three thousand five hundred."

"Killamel?"

"Six thousand and two hundred."

"Churaklin?"

"Five thousand six hundred."

"Which are the nations that accept the quipus, and sent their warriors to the gathering place?"

"All!" Churaklin answered proudly.

"My heart is satisfied with the wisdom of my son. What is the effective strength of these eight nations?"

"Twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty men, commanded by the bravest ulmens."

"Good," said Nocobotha. "The Aucas and Araucano chiefs here present have brought twenty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty warriors. We can also reckon on a reinforcement of five hundred and fifty gauchos, or white deserters, whose assistance will be very useful to us. The total strength of the army is ninety-four thousand nine hundred and fifty men, with whom, if my brothers place confidence in me, we shall expel the Spaniards, and regain our territory within three months."

"Our father will command, and we obey."

"Never has a larger and more powerful army menaced the Spanish authority since Tahí Mahi's attempt upon Chilt. The whites are ignorant of our projects, as I convinced myself at Carme. Hence our sudden invasion will be to them a thunderbolt, and render them motionless with terror. On our approach they will be already half conquered. Lucaney, have you distributed all the weapons I sent you from Carmen to the warriors, who understand their use?"

"A corps of three thousand two hundred men is armed with muskets and bayonets, and abundantly provided with powder and ball."

"It is well. Lucaney, Churaklin and Metipan will remain with me, and aid me in communicating with the other chiefs. And now, ulmens, apoumens, and caracakens of the united nations, listen to my orders, and engrave them deeply on your minds, for any disobedience or cowardice will immediately be punished by death."

There was a solemn silence. Nocobotha took a calm and haughty look round the assembly.

"In an hour," he continued, "the army will start in close columns. A cavalry corps will protect each infantry detachment. The army will extend along a line of twenty leagues, which will be concentrated on Carme. All the chiefs will fire the country as they pass, in order that the smoke, impelled by the wind, may hide our movements and cover us like a thick curtain. The crops, estancias, and all property belonging to the whites, will be burned and levelled with the ground. The cattle will be sent to the rear-guard to swell our booty. Show no mercy to the horsemen, but kill them on the spot. Killian, with twelve thousand horsemen and ten thousand in-

fantry, will command the rear-guard, to which will be attached all the women of arms to fight, and it will set out six hours after the main body. Be sure to send the warriors must advance in compact bodies, and not as stragglers. Be off, and make haste, for we must be in front of Carme by daybreak to-morrow."

The chief bowed and silently sallied out of the toldera.

A few minutes later an extraordinary animation prevailed in the immense camp of the Indians. The squaws pulled down the tolderas and loaded the males; the warriors assembled to the sound of musical instruments; the children loaded and saddled the horses; in short, hurried preparations were made for a start.

Gradually the disorder ceased. The ranks were formed, and several detachments started in different directions. Nocobotha, standing on the top of a mound, and accompanied by his three sides-de-camp, Lucaney, Churaklin and Metipan, followed with a glass the movements of the army, which, within a quarter of an hour, was no longer visible. Already the plain was on fire and veiled the horizon with a black smoke.

Nocobotha descended the hill and went to the river bank, where the four ulmens got into a canoe, which they pulled themselves. They soon reached land, where twenty-five Aucas horsemen were waiting for them. The party set out on the trail of the army—a too visible trail, alas! the country so green and beautiful that very morning was gloomy, desolated and covered with ashes and ruins.

From a distance Pedro and his brothers perceived the Indians, and although surrounded by a swarm of warriors, they succeeded through their courage, in escaping from their enemies, with the exception of poor Juan, who was killed by an Indian lance. Pepe and Lopez, both wounded, went on in front to watch the movements of the invaders, while Pedro, covered with dust and blood, galloped to give the alarm at Carme.

This escape singularly annoyed Nocobotha and disarranged his combinations. Nevertheless, the army continued its march, and at nightfall the town could be seen through the growing obscurity. At the head of one hundred picked warriors, Nocobotha made a circuit and advanced on Poblacion del Sur. All was silent, and the barricades seemed abandoned. The Indians succeeded in scaling them, and would have carried the town, had it not been for the vigilance of Major Bloomfield.

The great chief, not wishing to shake the confidence of his men by vain attempts, fell back and ordered a camp to be formed in front of the town. Pursuing tactics hitherto strange to the Indians, he made a parallel and ordered a wide ditch to be dug in the sand, the earth from which served to throw up a breastwork that defended them from the cannon.

Pincheira, as we know, was in Carmen for the purpose of arranging a revolt among the gauchos. As Nocobotha desired to come to an understanding with him as to the decisive attack, he sent towards the town a Chilean deserter who knew how to play the bugle, an instrument quite unused among the Aucas. This bugler bore a white flag in sign of peace, and asked for a parley. He was followed by Churaklin, Lucaney, Metipan, and Chankata, who were ordered by the great ulmen to make proposals to the governor of Carme.

The four ambassadors, standing within half gun-shot from the town, with their long lances planted before them, with the ostrich plume, the symbol of their dignity, flying out, were waiting motionless on their horses. Their leather armor was covered with coats of mail made of small rings, which had doubtless belonged to the soldiers of Almagro or Valdivia. The bugler, haughtily standing a few paces in front of them, waved his flag. The chiefs' steeds were armed with rich harness, embroidered with silver plates that sparkled in the sun's beams.

The Spanish pride suffered at the thought of treating on equal terms with these Pagans, to whom they even refused a soul, and whom they did not recognize as men. But it was necessary to gain time; perhaps the reinforcements from Buenos Ayres were already under way.

The Indian bugler, wearied at receiving no answer to his two first summons, blew a third peal by Churaklin's order. A Spanish bugler at length replied from the interior of the town, and the barrier was opened, leaving a passage for a soldier, who carried a white flag, and was followed by an officer on horseback. This officer, it will be remembered, was Major Bloomfield, who, as an old soldier, was unwilling to appear before the Indians except in his full dress uniform.

He proceeded without hesitation towards the ulmens, who, through their silver ornaments and their immobility, resembled at a distance equestrian statues.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The employees and persons connected with the Public Ledger, with their families, comprising about 1,500 persons, on Monday (the 5th) made an excursion to Atlantic City as the guests of their employer. Everything passed off pleasantly; no accidents happened; and the large party safely returned to this city about 10 P. M. Such "doings" reflect great credit upon Mr. Childs, the proprietor. It is using money in the right way.

At a recent mass meeting of the Saints at Logan, Utah, Brigham Young called Aaron Thatcher "to go on a mission to preach the Gospel until he would consent to get married and fulfil the measure of his creation." Evidently bachelors are not wanted among the Mormons.

The common notion that the Friends are dwindling away is incorrect. During the last year the Orthodox branch of the society alone received about fifteen hundred new members, whilst large numbers were added to the Hicksites.

The grasshoppers in Kentucky chew the tobacco plant, and the farmers consider it an expensive loss.

REPEATING RIFLES.—The governments of Europe, it is said, are gradually coming to the conviction that repeating rifles are a failure. The Swiss have given them up as too complicated for use in the field, and the French have put an end to their trial of Vetterli's system. Almost all the armies of Europe are of opinion that the new weapon has been too hastily adopted, and are about to re-commence their experiments with other breech loaders.

The red-wood forests in California are gradually disappearing, and will be gone entirely in a few years. Meantime, no second growth is coming up, and economists predict an era of drought unless trees are planted to attract clouds and moisture.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1890.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of the best literary magazine. THE LADY'S FRIEND is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is sent to subscribers on a regular basis. The price of THE POST is \$2.00 per annum in advance. The price of THE LADY'S FRIEND is \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$2.00 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and 900—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$25. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.00, will get the Premium List Engraving, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

Address: HENRY PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIPT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE," by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novels we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of interesting and instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly \$1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent gratis to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," &c.

IN THE POST of next week we design commencing a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall probably print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

We call attention to Messrs. Stewart & Co.'s advertisement of the celebrated Sterling Spool Cotton in another column.

Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

John C. Breckinridge is to deliver a speech on agriculture at a country fair in Kentucky, in September.

A Mormon elder was recently presented with nine boys and five girls the same morning.

In Paris "low shoes" are coming in fashion for ladies, of the same color as the stockings, and the stocking the same color as the dress; also, the ladies are universally adorned with the large "sailor collars."

The New Monument.

On the 5th of July, the new monument to Washington was dedicated. It stands on a pedestal in front of Independence Hall, in Chestnut street. The base of the statue is of Virginia granite, from the Richmond quarries, and is in four pieces, weighing about twenty tons. The statue is of white marble, 6 feet 6 inches high. The left hand of Washington rests on the hilt of his sword, sheathed in peace; his right hand rests on the Bible, the Bible on the Constitution and American flag which drapes the supporting column on the right of the figure. The weight of the figure is about six tons. The whole height of the base and statue is 18 feet 6 inches. On the north front the base will bear the name WASHINGTON; on the south this inscription:

ERECTED

BY THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION OF THE

FIRST SCHOOL DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The total cost, including a railing, will be about \$6,500.

The statue is by Mr. Bailly, an artist of this city, and is nearly a copy of that of the statue by the great French sculptor Houdon, also in continental costume, in the capitol at Richmond, Va. The mask for that portrait was modelled on the face of the President at Mount Vernon, in 1785, the statue having been engaged by Jefferson expressly for the city of Richmond. The Houdon statue, probably the most reliable portrait of any kind we possess of Washington, if the education and competency of the artist be considered, is one of the first four great works in which sculpture was publicly employed in the United States for the celebration of the hero's memory.

The other three are—1. The statue in modern costume at Raleigh, N. C., by Canova, the head from Canova's bust. 2. The statue in civic costume in the State House, in Boston, by Chantry, the head from Houdon's bust, and 4. The colossal figure by Greenough, at Washington, in Roman costume, the head from Houdon's bust. It is probable, in fact, that all future statues of the great man will be copied as Chantry, Greenough, and lastly Bailly, have copied theirs, from the beautiful and placid portrait achieved by Houdon.

LAY representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is asserted, will be approved by a majority of nearly three to one at the elections now being held to determine the question. In the total membership of 1,250,000, it is stated, that 300,000 adults of both sexes are entitled to express their opinion on the subject, but that less than 30,000 have voted. The election was continued through June, and the vote cast during the last week will not equal that already reported. It was supposed that the measure would be defeated by giving to the female members the right to vote, but, on the contrary, the women have largely increased the majority in favor of lay representation. The Annual Conference, it is reported, will not be immediately affected by the adoption of this measure, but will in a few years be modified by the introduction of the laity. In 1872 the lay delegates elected by the Quarterly Conferences, will meet at the same time and place with the Annual Conference, to elect delegates to the General Conference.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—At the recent meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade, who was received with great enthusiasm and prolonged cheering, made a brief but warm defence of the Army of the Potomac. General Meade claimed that impartial history would do justice to the deeds and merits of the Army of the Potomac. The rebellion, he asserted, could never have been put down but for that army. In it had occurred fifty per cent of the deaths and wounds which occurred during the war, and where the men die and are wounded that, said General Meade, is the army where the work is done. In alluding to the subject of Government interference by telegraph with military operations, he asserted that all history proved that where a general's operations were carried on near the Government and controlled thereby, they were ineffectual and failures. This, he contended, had been the great hindrance in the want of success of the Army of the Potomac.

Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren have in a small way entered into the holy bonds of wedlock, and started, per rail, to enjoy the moon of honey at West Haven, Connecticut. They were assisted in the marriage ceremony by Mr. Thomas Thum (Stratton) and Mrs. Thum, Mrs. T. T. being a sister of the wife of the "old salt," Nutt.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

According to the census of 1880, there were in the United States but 1,050,000 mechanics of all kinds, against 2,433,995 farmers, and 705,067 farm laborers.

The London streets, placed in a single straight line, would reach from Liverpool to New York. It takes three hundred and sixty thousand street-lamps to illuminate London.

The World announces the following as the financial problem of 1890:—How to water railroad stock and make two millions out of one.

Although the ladies love trills, they will not wear their dresses any longer than they can help this season—not a day.

In Agassiz's "Journey to Brazil," we are told that there is a prevalent suspicion among the Indians and negroes that a portrait absorbs in itself something

On the 6th instant, Mr. SAMUEL SPATTERWOOD, in his 50th year,
 On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of JOHN
 Graham, aged 41 years,
 On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHERINE DENNIS, aged
 years,
 On the 4th instant, EDWARD EUSTACE, in his 65th
 year,
 On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY CUNNINGHAM, in
 of 74th year,
 On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Sut-
 ton, in the 41th year,
 On the 3d instant, ROBERT JOHNSTON, aged 62
 years,
 On the 1d instant, WILLIAM, son of William and
 Hannah Ferris, aged 25 years,
 On the 2d instant, WILLIAM J. BRANTON, aged 60
 years.

EVENING SHADOWS.

Surely the day is done!
To out of sun.
Long fall the shadows from the snowy hills;
Not yet have faded the sleepy little hills:
But softer air
Floats everywhere—
Although the day is done.

Ah, yes! the day is done!
And one by one
The ghosts of starlight fit across the sky;
In doors, the fire-flies on the carpet lie,
Tired of play,
The children say,
Because the day is done.

We know the day is done!
Our feet have run
Unresting in the path that duty made;
Treading on thorns, of dangers not afraid,
And rest is sweet,
Though night-hours fleet,
And day again come on.

The day of life is done!
And set the sun!
Eyes dim to faintest sights that earth can show;
Ears heedless, though entrancing music flow;
And marble brow,
Unwrinkled now;
Indeed the day is done!

But is the day yet done?
And set the sun?
When seas of amber light transfigure the air,
And Paradise flowers bloom everywhere?
O'er purple hills,
The sunset glows,
Heaven's day is just begun!

THE PROPHETIC PISTOL.

A WATERBURY REMINISCENCE.

[The following sketch is from *Chambers's London Journal*. The American represented in the typical American, as he usually appears in English journals—and who talks and acts about as much like the genuine American, as the Englishman who figures in French novels and plays does like the genuine John Bull. But it must be admitted that these caricatures of Americans and Englishmen are much more amusing than the original persons, which no doubt is the reason they are so extensively used.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"And that," said I, "is pretty nearly all that I have to tell you."

The above words formed the peroration of a synopsis of several years' travelling, communicated to me to a fellow-passenger from Helsingfors to Stockholm, as we leaned over the side of the good ship *Fiberg*, and watched the countless groups of rocky islets, crested with green foliage, which arose on every side from the smooth transparent sea. My auditor was a long, lean, wiry American, with a cold clear eye, and a look of indomitable firmness in every line of his pinched, yellow face, which gave him the aspect (to quote from a pugnacious friend of mine) "of a man you would like to be back to back with in a row."

"Well, stranger," remarked he at the close of my narrative, "you've been about a bit, I reckon, but you haven't seen much, and what's more, you haven't done much neither."

My dignity was somewhat ruffled by this plain-spoken criticism; for I privately regarded myself as a second Sinbad, on the strength of a moderate acquaintance with the majority of the countries which figure on the tourist's visiting list. Moreover, my listener had himself provoked my communications by a series of searching questions upon every point of my personal history, from the color of my grandfather's hair, to the amount of pocket-money allowed me at Rugby. Consequently, there was perhaps a shade of animosity in my tone as I replied—

"I've done what I could; but of course everybody can't have as many adventures as you."

"Well, you air about right that," returned he, taking my words literally. "I've seen a few things in my time, I reckon; but mark ye, it's cause I've looked about me, and fixed for doin' somethin' wherever I went, 'stead of trallin' about with my eyes shut and my hands in the pockets of my pants, like some folk. Now, I'll tell you how you Brits travel; you jest follow the railway track right square from one big town to another, and see the opera-house, and the theatres, and the promenades, and such like; and o' course you meet a heap o' riff-raff, and maybe get yerselves cythered drawn a little too slick; and a'fer doin' three weeks or a month to seein' a country with some millions of people in it, you come back and write a tarnation big book to say, 'that air country ain't no great pile o' punkins a'fer all; the critters that air all lazy and shiftless, and good for nothin' but to cheat and tell lies—and no wonder, seein' they're only cussed furriners, and hain't got the estimable blessin' of a free British constitution.' That, now, stranger, is the way you go to work; but, you observe, 'tain't the right way, nobow you kin fix it."

"And how did you go to work, then?" asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extempore criticism.

"Well, I fixed to do somethin', and I done it; least ways, a man that's been a totemiser in the Rocky Mountains, a gold-digger in Australia, a sailor in the Indian Ocean, a storekeeper at Shanghai, a newspaper editor at San Francisco, and an agent for one notion or another in every country of Europe, must say he'd done somethin', I guess, if he had a mind to."

"And have you really done all that?" asked I, somewhat startled at the catalogue.

"Reckon I hev; I've been kinder movin' round ever sin' I was as big as a molasses-jar, and I ain't done yet. Guess I'm like John Brown's soul in the old song—I 'go a-marchin' on' pretty considerable, and it'll take a while to tire me of it."

"And do you always travel alone, then?" asked I.

"Reckon I do; least ways, what you'd call alone. I've got a bosom-friend here, though," added he, with a strange chuckle, putting his hand into his breast-pocket; "and he's done me more'n one good turn in his time, so I tell ye. Yes, sir, he has that; and what's more, he speaks or holds his tongue just as I please, which 'tain't every man as 'ud do!"

With this enigmatical preface, he produced a small but very handsome revolver, fitted with a spring-lanyard, and ornamented about the stock with eleven studs of silver, arranged in the form of a square,

which, would be completed by the addition of a twelfth.

"Ain't that a friend, now, stranger?" said the Transatlantic exultingly; "and good friends we've been, him and me; I never mistrusted him but once, and that was down in Australia, when I was gold-diggin' up Turon way. Two fellows came to my tent one night, 'cause they'd heard as I'd a heap o' gold there, and they thought of 'bein' so kind as to relieve me of the 'possession of it. I hear 'em creepin' in, and o' course the first thing I did was to slap all six barrels into 'em, just to give 'em a hint not to call a'fer visitin' hours. I heard a screech, and then a patten' o' feet runnin' off; but it was too dark to see anythin', and all the rest o' that night my feelins ain't to be 'scribed, nobow!"

"Ah, you were afraid you had killed one of them, I suppose?" said I, pleased at this solitary touch of humanity in my grisly acquaintance.

"Killed! why, darn it, stranger, d'ye want to insult me? No, by Jinco! I war 'fraid I'd missed one o' 'em! and to hev my own re-volver miss at close range, a'fer bein' true to me for so many years, war more'n I could bear!" (The pathos with which he said this was indescribable.) "I felt par-tic'lar cheap all that night, so I tell ye; you must hev thought me for a cent, any time 'fore mornin'. But as soon as it war light I cum out, and I seen one feller lyin' dead beside the tent-door, and a track o' blood all whar 't'other had run off, just like a strick o' molasses 'cross a buckwheat cake; and says I: 'Thank Heaven, I've hit 'em both!' and the weight that war took off my mind in that air moment—stranger, that ain't no 'scribin' it!"

The real fervor of his tone as he uttered the last sentence, with all the air of a good man whose conscience has just been relieved of some overwhelming burden, cannot be conveyed in words.

"I dare say you'd hardly guess, now, stranger, that I fust saw this re-volver in a vision; but I did, though, stare as much as you like; and the way it happened war just as you like; and I had 'bout a month, when I cum in late one night from flixin' a rail fence that one of our oxen had smashed; and a'fer I'd got by the kitchen fire a spell, and done a to'fable stroke o' supper, I began to feel a lectio drowsy. I war'n't not to say asleep, but just so as if you'd spoke to me sudden, I'd hev thought a minute 'fore I answered—when, all at once, I seen father stannin' right 'fore me, with his big straw hat o' one side, and his high boots and striped shirt-sleeves, and his hands in his pockets (that war the only ghost-like thing 'bout him, for while he war alive they war mostly in some one else's), and he says to me, says he: 'Cy, my boy? (my name's Cyrus Jehoshaphat Flint, stranger, and I ain't 'shamed on it); 'Cy, my boy, I've cum back from the spirit-world to tell you outin' you'll prap be none the wiser o' knowin' it. I did much, I says he, 'cause you air safe to go long single-handed, whereas them two brothers and five sisters of yours will kinder need prapin' up some 'fore they kin stand by themselves. Now you jest listen to me. To-morrow mornin' the very first thing, you up and job open the back o' that old cupboard in the corner, jest 'bove the top shelf, and that you'll find a re-volver, the best you ever fingered; and may Heaven bless it to you use. And now kneel down and receive my blessin'!" I was jest a-gwine to do it, when all at once I slipped off my chair and cum the all-fired lick with my nose agin the fender as ever I seen; and when I cum to agin that war'n't nobody there. 'Well, cum it!' says I (though that air language ain't quite proper for a member of the church); 'I hope next time father comes from 't'other world he'll contrive to do it at a reasonable hour, 'stead o' showin' up a'fer bedtime and makin' his own flesh and blood break his nose in this here fas'n.' But for all that, I didn't forget what he said, and fust thing next mornin' I up and into the kitchen and with the back o' the cupboard, and that lay the re-volver, as sure as ever thing war in the world. And now, stranger, if you don't believe that air story, here's the dentical re-volver, and you can't go agin that nobow!"

Against such confirmatory evidence it would have been useless to argue; and I readily assented, only venturing to inquire the mystery of the singularly arranged studs on the stock of the pistol.

"Well, stranger," returned my companion, "you wouldn't guess the trick o' them studs in a hurry, so I'll tell you. Each o' them air studs on that re-volver stands for the life of a man that him and me hev clared off. There's eleven on 'em altogether, and I reckon that's a pretty to'fable stroke o' work for one man and one weepun."

Used as I am to extraordinary confidences, this cool, complacent statement fairly staggered me for the moment. "Good Heavens!" I gasped, "do you mean to tell me that you have murdered eleven men?"

"No, stranger," replied he, slowly and sentimentally, "you hev got into the wrong forty-boar in makin' that air statement. I mean to tell you that I've found it necessary, at different pe-ri-ods o' my life to rub out eleven human critters who most otherwise hev offered the same civility to me, and I calculate you don't call that murderin'? That's one wantin' yet to complete the dozen, as you see; but," added he, cheerfully, "that won't be long—comin' I guess."

"The old cannibal!" said I, mentally, "he talks of killing people as if he were only collecting photographs. Pray Heaven he won't take it into his head to add me to his museum!"

"That's one 'vantage I've got with this weepun," pursued the Yankee. "I kin always tell to fust sight o' a man whether I'm a-gwine to kill him some day or not."

"How's that?" asked I, not without a secret shudder, and a slight anxiety as to which way the scale had turned with regard to myself.

"Well, jest this way: whenever I meet a man that I'm bound to rub out time-by, the hammer o' this re-volver's sure to gin a sorter click—so—jest to show that he knows his dooty 'spectin' that individual; and he never makes mistakes, A don't."

The perfect air of conviction with which he said this was the reverse of agreeable, and I could not help reflecting: "A pretty thing if this precious pistol should happen to click when he saw me first, and he should think it necessary to vindicate its infallibility!" My countenance probably expressed some disquietude, for my companion suddenly broke my meditations by observing, in an encouraging tone: "You hain't no call to be skeared, stranger; he didn't click at sight o' you, and I'm kinder glad on't, for ye've got kumpany in yere way although you air tarnation green in the ways o' the world."

As this estimate of my abilities was evidently too deeply rooted to admit of refutation, I let it pass, merely inquiring

whether the fatal agony had ever proved false.

"Never, stranger," he replied emphatically. "In can't 'speak prophesy to go wrong, and that air weepun's a prophet, just as much as Dan'l or Ze'l. I won't say that I wouldn't hev bin glad, one case, to catch him slippin'—and maybe good use; but you must as well 'speak Gien'ral Grant to be 'fraid, as this weepun to tell a lie."

"And that one time—what was it?" asked I.

"Well, seein' it's you, stranger, I don't mind tellin' though I ain't so precious sly at talkin' on that air subject, I war. It's a good few years now sin' I happened on a feller who hailed from a village on the Mississippi, called 'Burnt Clearin', 'cause of a big fire they'd hed that once on a time; and we fress together powerful, and war jest like brothers all to once. Wherever one went, 't'other went; whatever one did, 't'other did; and if this one had a dollar, that one war good for fifty cents out, least thing. We went down river to New Orleans, and up to Philadelphia by the cars, and eastward to Charleston on a tradin' spee; and I tell ye, I saved him from 'bein' chewed up by a bar that looked plaguy ang'us to make his closer 'quaintance; and he saved me from 'bein' drowned in flood-time, when my canoe got turned over agin a snag; and altogether, stranger, you must hev tuk us for David and Jonathan cum a live agin. But all the while that war one that hangin' in my mind like a resin' cloud in summer, that spiles the look o' the hull sky—and that war the recollection that my weepun, fust time he ever seen this feller, hed gin a click."

The cold clear tone of his voice at these last words, slightly tinged with sorrow, was such as a compassionate judge might use in pronouncing sentence of death; and to me (guessing as I did what was to come) it had a sound indescribably dreary and ominous. "I used to try and laugh myself out o' that air fancy by sayin': 'Whatever's possible, that ain't it! Why, to think o' our quarrellin' 'ud be like a man cuttin' himself in half, and fightin' right hand agin left.' But let me talk as I liked, the stick stuck in my head like a nail in a new log, and wouldn't go away. And at last, stranger, the time cum when it war more'n a thot. One year, early in the fall, we were down in Kansas, tradin' about in spots, and makin' a pretty to'fable haul; till one day we 'greed to tote up the profits, and make a fair division, 'cause next mornin' he war startin' off to Burnt Clearin' to see his folks, and I war bound to make tracks for Boston on some business o' my own. Well, evenin' cum, and a'fer lickin' up a spell, to lie up our brains for the dipherin', we began to 'tup. But somehow or another, we couldn't come to a right settin'—one o' our two shares, nobow we could fix it; and what with the liker we'd hed, and the worry o' dipherin', we both commenced to git rather savagous. At last, up he jumps, and hollers out: 'I don't hev bin so thunderin' keen upon this hyur trade if I'd known that my pardner war nuthin' but a darned mean flint-shavin' thief o' a Yankee!' At them words a shiver run all through me, like them 'lectric fixins that book-larned folks tell on, and my right hand flew out as if some-body moved it, and fust thing I knowed I 'twen the eyes that bro't him down like a pine in a clearin'! (He war a fine feller, bigger'n me some way, and all the way off as hard; and by Jinco! 'twas a reglar pleasure knockin' him down.) Up he got, lookin' mighty wrath; and says he: 'It'll take a o' little burnt powder to put away the smell that air blow—cum out into the forest.' I was jest a-gwine to do it, but he said: 'Wait a minute, still, as if waitin' to see what we'd do. I follered him out readin' 'nuff, for I war cool as an icicle, now I knowed the job hed to cum through; but when I seen the dyin' light streamin' down the shadowy arches of the forest, and the everlastin' 'trees stannin' up tall and grand, and whisp'rin' with their leaves, as if God war speakin' through them in His own Temple of Natur'—by Hevin', stranger, I cum very high feelin' as if I war prap doin' wrong!"

"Well, that feelin' didn't last long, I reckon. The fust click o' them locks (we'd 'greed to load only three barrels each, to save time)—the fust click o' them locks war like the smell o' roast meat to a starvin' man; and when I tood my mark at fifteen paces, I felt as comfortable as if I'd bin sittin' 'fore a big fire with a glass o' whiskey in my hand. He was jest a-gwine to cum, and I was on the left side, and a bit o' his sleeve went flyin' jest below the shoulder. 'Better luck next time!' says I; and the second load went off. He'd aimed higher this time, and the pill skinned my hair, and knocked off my hat; but jest in the same moment I seen him turn half round, and go ker-chunk right on his face. I run in upon him, like a fool, forgettin' that he'd got one shot left; and he hoisted himself on his elbow, and let slap; jest techin' my thigh as I cum on (his hand war shaky, you know, or he'd not hev made sitch a bad shot); but that war his last card, and then I knowed I hed him."

"Ole feller," says I, "I've kinder won the hand this time, that ain't no dodgin' it. So, 'fore you go under, hev you any messidges to leave?"

"Well," says he, "that's a gal at Burnt Clearin' that I war pretty bad on last fall—Kezia Harper, next door to the meetin'-house—guess you must gin her this hyur lock, if 'tain't out yere way."

"She's as good as got it already," says I, puttin' it in my pouch.

"That's a feller in the next village, Nathan Hickman, that they used to call 'Straight-eye'—I war to have fought him this fall; you tell him why I can't cum, for no one didn't oughter think I war 'fraid."

"If the coon says a word agin you," says I, "I'll grease my boots with his liver. Is that anythin' else?"

"Well," says he, "I guess that's about all."

"Good-bye, then, ole feller," says I; "bless you!" And with that I clapped my pistol to his head, and blew it as small as corn-shucks."

"Good Heaven!" said I, revolted at this cold-blooded butchery, "could you not have spared the man's life, even then?"

"Stranger," replied the old slaughterer, with indescribable dignity, "if you want to find a critter so cussed mean as to hurt a man's feelins by sparin' him a'fer he'd been whipped in fair fight, I guess you'd better not come to Cyrus Jehoshaphat Flint!"

Now, then, I calculate we'd best be lookin' a'fter our fixins, for them's the spires o' Stockholm shinin' yander."

And, so speakin', he turned upon his heel, and vanished into the cabin.

The art of saying the right thing at the right time in the right way, is the secret of the best conversation.

Passing the time—Going by a clock.

A N.

When he told me that he loved me,
'Twas the flowery time of May.
I put roses in my ringlets,
And went singin' all the day—
When he told me that he loved me,
In the pleasant month of May!

Still, he told me that he loved me
In the summer-time of June;
When the roses blushed the redder,
And the birds were all in tune—
And I blushed (because he loved me)
Redder than the rose of June!

Yes! because I knew he loved me,
I went singin' with the birds.
All the day I listened to him—
All the night I heard his words.
Dreaming nightly that he loved me,
I was blither than the birds!

But—I didn't know I loved him!
Till I found one summer day,
That in sayin' how he loved me,
He had wiled my heart away—
Only sayin' how he loved me
Through the long bright summer day!

Still, he told me that he loved me,
When the roses faded fell;
And the birds had all forgotten
That sweet tune I've learned too well—
For I love him, and he loves me,
More than any words can tell!

The Ice-Sea.

"Now, it must be borne in mind that an ice-sea, such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass, like water. What is it but hardened water?"

"Take the better-known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration. There we find a *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valleys on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are *ice-streams*, for they flow downward through the valleys, and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, discharges itself, thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice-streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain-snows of the Alps would gather there at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law; for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower. An ice-stream is, therefore, in effect, a river, and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for, as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea as a real river, and not an ice-river, the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being one of *rate*.

"The ice loads itself to its bed, as the river does. When the bed is wide, it expands; when the bed is narrow, it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along, and becomes shall. An ice-stream, like a river, has therefore, its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak), and its smooth, steady, even-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from neighboring cliffs by the frost), as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and other light materials.

"Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface and the quantity of mountain-ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent, as we have seen, is, in effect, covered with an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

"There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, melts no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the head of the deep *fjords*. Thus does the sea take the place of the air in the melting process. But not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of the Greenland ice-stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current.

"This mass is the *iceberg*. Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain-snows to their natural home in the sea. 'What a Snow-flake may come to,' by Dr. Hayes, in *Appleton's Journal*.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, on which a bird
Lights but to sing, then leaves unben't,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gust unripen,
The blue dove's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven—
I only know she came and went.

As at one bound our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps—
I only know she came and went.

As angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went.

The author of "The Gates Ajar," having mentioned that there are pianos as well as harps in heaven, a Chicago paper suggests that she will kindly add which instrument is in most favor there, the Chickering or the Steinway.

A young dandy calling one day lately at the residence of a young lady, asked the servant to see her mistress; and on being told she was "engaged," coolly demanded "To whom?"

Clerical Anecdotes.

Dr. Elliot, a noted clergyman of an old Connecticut town, being "well-to-do," and keeping neither looks nor bolts on his possessions, was frequently visited by burglars in a small way.

Coming home late one night, from a visit to a poor parishioner, he heard, on passing through his kitchen, a strange, swishing noise in his cellar, soon followed by the sound of stealthy steps coming up the stairs. Hiding behind the door, he saw emerge a tall man, bending under a huge basket, filled with salt pork, just taken dripping from the brine.

The doctor recognized a poor neighbor, and, stepping forward, said kindly: "You have a heavy load there. Allow me to assist you."

With a cry of dismay, the culprit dropped the basket, and actually fell on his knees, entreating forgiveness, on the plea that this was the first offence, and that his family were suffering from want of food.

"But, my friend," said the good doctor, "you certainly knew you had only to come to me and ask for help to get it, without damaging your soul with sin and your coat with brine in this way. I forgive you, of course; but I do think you have taken more than your share of pork. I will divide this with you; and, when you want more, or any thing else, just come and tell me frankly. And, against the remonstrances of the poor wretch, he compelled him to take just half of the stolen meat, saying: "Carry it to your wife, with my compliments. I hope it will go down just as slick as though you had taken it without leave."

Dr. Elliot never revealed the name of this man, though he enjoyed telling the story, as he did one somewhat similar, which is well worth preserving.

One dark night he went for his horse in the barn, which was at some distance from the parsonage. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one coming out, and immediately concealed himself behind a large bush in the lane, hiding his lantern under his cloak. Presently the wide barn-door swung open, and a man appeared, bending beneath an immense load of hay bound together by a rope. Through loops of this rope he had thrust his arms, and he carried the huge mass like a peddler's pack. The doctor suffered this thief to pass him; then, taking the candle from his lantern, he crept softly forward and set fire to the hay, then again concealed himself. In a moment that moving haystack was one great, crackling blaze, and the thief, with wild cries, was frantically flinging it from his head and back. He succeeded in extricating himself without help, and then ran as though pursued by fiends across the snowy fields.

Some months after this there came to the doctor's study a pale, thin, melancholy-looking man, who, after much painful hesitation, expressed a desire to make a confession of sin. With a serious and sympathetic manner, yet with, I suspect, a sly twinkle in his eye, the minister set himself to listen.

"I've had a dreadful load on my conscience, doctor, for a considerable spell; and it does seem as if 'twould kill me. I'm eeny most dead now."

"Ah! is it possible? What can you have done? You are a respectable man and a church member," replied the doctor, in seeming surprise.

"Yes, I joined the church thirty years ago," replied the old farmer; then, sinking his voice to an awesome, confidential tone, he continued: "But I'm a dreadful sinner, for all that, doctor; and, bein' a church member, my sin, you see, was of too much account to be winked at, and judgment folloed close arter it. O, dear, O!"

"Pray, tell me your trouble, brother."

"Well, doctor, it concerns you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. One time, last winter, I got a leetle short of fodder, and I thought to myself as how you had more'n enough for your critters; and so one night the Devil tempted me to go over to your barn, an' tu—O, dear, O!"

"To help yourself to a little of my surplus hay; eh?"

"Yes, doctor, jes so! But I never got home with that air hay. The Lord wouldn't let me do it. I had a load on my back, and was a carryin' it away, when all tu once it burst into a blaze about my ears."

"Struck by lightning?"

"No, doctor, it was a clear night. I've jest made up my mind that fire dropped down from Heaven and kindled that air hay. 'Twas a judgment an' a warnin', an' I'm afeared a sort of forerunner of the flames of hell. I haint had no peace of mind since, nor felt like eatin' a good meal of vittals. At last, I thought I might feel a little better if I'd jest own up to you, an' ask your pardon an' your prayers."

To the astonishment of the poor penitent, the minister laughed outright merrily. Then he said: "Be comforted, neighbor; your little thieving operation was hardly of such consequence to Heaven as all that. It was I who caught you at it, and set fire to the hay from my lantern; and I must say you yelled lustily and ran briskly for a man of your years. Why didn't you tell me if you wanted hay? Now go home in peace, get well, and steal no more."

"You, doctor! You? Be you sartin sure you set fire to that air bundle of hay?"

"Yes, quite sure; that was my own little bonfire. I hope it didn't scorch you much. I noticed when you came to meeting the next Sunday, that your hair was a little singed. As for the flames of hell, neighbor, that's your own lookout. I trust there is time to escape them yet."

"So, so! 'twas you did it all! The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the farmer, fervently. "It raly is an amazin' relief, an' my old woman war right, for she says: 'Go to the minister an' confess,' says she, 'an' that'll lift the biggest best of the sin off your conscience, an' he be better than doctor stuff,' says she. An' so you did it! Well, folks say you're a master man for a joke; but they're one was more solemn than a sermon to me, an' more effectual, doctor, I do believe."

So saying, the farmer departed in peace; and the parson kept the secret of his name, even in his own family, always a hint.

"Is it true, sir, as I hear," asked Baron N. of a friend, "that in a house where they are pleased to think you witty, you have said that I had no wit?" "No, sir," was the reply; "there is not a word of truth in the story; I never went to a house where they think you witty, and I have never said that you had no wit."

"Of all the remedies for the nerves," says Jean Paul Richter, "enjoyment is the most powerful."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUN.

The count he was riding home one day,
But, meeting his groom upon the way,
"Where are you going, groom?" said he,
"And where do you come from?" answer me."

"I'm taking a walk for exercise" sake,
And besides there's a house I want to take."
"To take a house?" said the count. "Speak
out."

What are the folks at home about?"

"Not much has happened," the servant
said,
"Only, your little white dog is dead."
"Do you tell me my faithful dog is dead?
And how did this happen?" the master said.

"Well, your horse took fright and jumped
on the hound,
Then ran to the river, and there got
drowned."
"My noble steed! the stable's pride!
What frightened him?" the master cried.

"Twas when, if I remember well,
Your son from the castle window fell."
"My son! but I hope he escaped with life,
And is tenderly nursed by my loving wife?"

"Alas! the good countess has passed away!
For she dropped down dead where her dead
son lay."

"Why, then, in a time of such trouble and
grief,
Are you not taking care of the castle, you
thief?"

"The castle! I wonder which you mean!
Of yours but the ashes are now to be seen;
As the watcher slept, misfortune dire!
In a moment her hair and her clothes took
fire."

"Then the castle around her blazed up in a
minute,
And all the household have perished in it;
And, of them all, Fate spared but me,
Thus gently to break the news to thee."

JINNY'S THREE BALLS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

JINNY'S FIRST BALL.

"How kind you are."

"Look at that girl, Fita. I'll bet you
anything you like she hasn't been trotted
out once to-night. Poor thing!"

"She's not bad-looking; at least, not
very, but awfully raw," said Captain Fitz-
patrick, leaning against the doorway, and
surveying the lady in question critically,
while she dropped her shy eyes, and blushed
over ears and forehead.

"I wish I wasn't engaged all the way
down," continued the good-natured friend
(who was called Dick Jones, and therefore
surnamed by his brother officers after the
manner of their kind, "De Courcy"), or that
Sydney wasn't such a lazy wretch."

"Look here! I'll ask her," interrupted
Fitzpatrick, starting from his languid atti-
tude, "else the unlucky little monkey will
do something rash. Here goes. Put a bold
face on it, and introduce me; there's a good
fellow."

"My friend Captain Fitzpatrick, of the
190th—Miss Lake."

"May I have this dance?" asked the cap-
tain, sitting down good-humoredly on the
so-long vacant bench, and showing his big
white teeth in a pleasant patronizing smile.

"Yes, Oh, thank you very much."
"May I put my name on your card?
Perhaps you haven't got one? Let me pick
up your handkerchief. Stay; there goes
the fan, too. How cruel to give me so much
trouble, isn't it?"

Then, at last, his shy neighbor looked up,
and burst out vehemently: "I am no—no
stupid and awkward. No, I've no card; I
haven't danced once this evening. Pray,
forgive me."

"Forgive you! I should think so. What
a shame! This promises to be amusing."
The last five words were spoken to himself,
as he turned and contemplated his partner.

She was not much to look at, he thought;
a tall slim girl, with abrupt, awkward move-
ments, a blunt nose, a wide mouth, and
big, limpid, brown-gray eyes, with long,
level brows, and thick, straight lashes. She
was badly dressed in a tumbled tartan, and
white, with blue flowers, ill made, ill fitting,
displaying a sufficiently snowy, but lament-
ably thin neck and arms; and she wore an
unfashionably tall wreath of forget-me-nots
on her wavering, thick, brown hair, and a
black ribbon round her long throat. She
was not pretty—she never would be; but
she might one day have a good figure; and
her eyes were fine, and her hair and teeth not
bad. And then, she had a sort of innocent,
babyish air, thought Captain Fitzpatrick,
that made her look quite jolly sometimes, in
spite of her "misshapen." Poor little
Jenny Lake of sixteen! It was a dangerous
gift to her, that silly, happy, sweet smile,
which lit eyes as well as lips; that low,
cooing voice, which said such rash and sim-
ple things with that unconscious pathos of
tender trust. At least, any one who loved
Jenny unselfishly would have thought so,
and trembled for her; but as no one did,
it was no great matter. She might wear her
heart outside, for darts to peck at, and no
one would care; not, certainly, the aunt
and sole guardian whose guardianship and
affection were so careless and so torpid,
they might almost as well never have ex-
isted. Before the music of the next dance
struck up Captain Fitzpatrick had learned
almost as much of Jenny's life and pros-
pects as could be told. The knowledge
awoke in him such immense wonder and
pity that he determined to ameliorate her
sad fate as much as lay in his power, and
at the same time to form her character.
Yet he had not the appearance of a safe
mentor, as he bent towards her, his bright,
blue eyes dancing in amusement at her
silly, his curved, delicate lips laughing
beneath the silky curls of his golden brown
moustache; his glossy, close-cut head al-
most touching the ugly blue wreath. He
looked kind, and good-tempered, and
cheery, as he was; but a great deal too
handsome and graceful, and agreeably con-
scious of those facts, for a safe instructor
of susceptible youth.

"Well, you shall enjoy yourself for what's
left of the evening," he said. "I'll tell
you; I'll introduce two of our fellows to
you, and—"

"There are only two dances more," an-



TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR. THE TACON.

A French traveller, M. D. Charnay, de-

scribes travelling in Madagascar as follows:

There is only one vehicle, called a *tacoon*,
used in Madagascar. It consists of a chair
placed on a litter, and is so light that four
men can easily carry it on their shoulders,
unless the traveller be unusually heavy. As
there are no roads in Madagascar, it would
be impossible for a carriage to penetrate
into the interior—in fact, the Madagascan
have no quadrupeds except oxen, and look
on a horse as a curiosity. For a long jour-
ney one requires quite an army of porters.
Twelve are allowed to each *tacoon*, and
twenty-five or thirty more to carry the trav-
eller's luggage and provisions, so that a
party of ten would have at least four hun-
dred natives in their train. Our excursion
being a short one, we had only eight men
each.

We set out, wrapped in mackintosh cloaks,
and with our hats drawn down over our eyes,
to keep out the blinding rain. Our porters
trots along without minding it in the
least, beating time with their steps, and at
intervals uttering strange cries, which were
answered by the others. We soon came on
the shore of the little bay of Yvondrou.
Here the wind redoubled its violence, and
the sea was magnificent, rolling in moun-
tain-high, breaking furiously on the coral
rocks of Pointe Noire, and finally spending
itself in white foam. Its fearful roar drown-
ed our voices, while our bearers were cov-
ered with spray and mud. Leaving with re-
gret this splendid sight, which made us
forget for a moment the discomforts of our
position, we turned to the right, and went
towards the interior.

The storm now ceased, the rain cleared

off, and was succeeded by bright sunshine,

which is on a plateau commanding an ex-

tensive view of the country.

Our host conducted us into the principal

room in the house, where breakfast was pre-

pared in the Madagascan fashion. Large

round leaves of a bright green were ar-
ranged in the shape of a square, round which
we seated ourselves. In the middle of the
table, on a plateau also covered with re-
freshments, there was a smoking pyramid of
snow-white rice, which the Madagascan
use as bread. We had square pieces of leaves
for plates, and other leaves did duty for
forks and glasses. It would be difficult to
explain how a leaf can be applied to so many
different purposes, but the natives make use
of them in these and many other ways besides.

The *Ravens*, or "traveller's tree," is one
of the most valuable vegetable productions
of Madagascar. Its leaves, as we have just
observed, are used for table-cloths on which
to serve the rice, for spoons to eat it with,
and for cups to contain liquids; in addition
to which they also use them for scoops to
bale out their canoes. When split, the
leaves make an excellent thatch, the walls
of the huts are composed of the bark, and
the trunk of the tree furnishes the posts
which support the building. The name of
"traveller's tree" is given to it on the sup-
position that it is an invaluable resource to
the thirsty wayfarer; but as it generally
grows close to the water, where the traveller
can find an ample supply to quench his
thirst, this epithet appears to me somewhat
misplaced. But to return to the breakfast,
the second course was served in European
fashion, and we exchanged our primitive
cups and plates for English china and cham-
pagne glasses, which our native cup-bearers
filled with the sparkling beverage of Meut.

At about 12 o'clock we came to M. Laborde's house,

which is on a plateau commanding an ex-

tensive view of the country.

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In answer to her niece's rapture: "He must be very agreeable—give me my drops, dear," and then always shut her eyes and slept—gave her comment; the doctor said he would take her; so there was no obstacle in her way, and she was perfectly happy.

CHAPTER II.

JINNY'S SECOND BALL.

"I have no one but you!"

Jinny's dressing for the ball was a feverish affair indeed, and when she took a final survey of herself in the glass, a burst of tears was the result. "I look so—so ugly," she sobbed; "As if I be ashamed of me." And then she scandalized her clumsy attendant by adding in a low piteous tone: "If I'd only prayed to be pretty all this time, I might have been made so by now."

However, she had to choke down her tears (it was well, for she had not the rare art of crying becomingly) for the fly, which Dr. Irving paid, was at the door. She had no loving, last inspections to go through; her maid had been in bed an hour, and their one maid had "an opinion of Miss Jinny."

Blessed—awful thought!—she might keep him waiting. So she ran down stairs, jumped into the fly, with breathless fervent thanks to Dr. Irving, and was on her road to paradise.

The moment of alighting, of finding her arm instantly in his, of being led into a whirling world of lights and music, and all wonder and beauty; of flying with him down a long vista made by shining dresses and uniforms, seemed to Jinny ever after (such a brief earthly "ever" as hers was!) like an incredibly glorious dream. She could not speak, nor clearly see what went on around her; could only breathe out the weight of her happiness in long sobbing sighs, till the first dance was over. Then she looked up at him with such mingled rapture and devotion that he was moved and half frightened, and exclaimed:

"By Jove! you absurd little thing, what is it? What are you making those big eyes of yours bigger, if possible, about?"

"It is all so delightful!" she answered, clinging closer to his arm. I think that night Fitzpatrick found it delightful too; for Jinny, dressed all in white, with a tall "mother of pearl" comb in her brown hair, and the unfading black velvet round her throat, looked her best (though she had not thought so,) and was stimulated to unwonted powers of repartee by a certain playful tenderness which peeped out in her "friend's" manner, by certain small attentions too, that seemed to her guileless mind very serious and sweet signs. At first, perhaps, she danced with too hearty enjoyment to be graceful; but the passion of happiness, for which her stagnant existence had ill prepared her, acted like physical fatigue. She soon sank into a state of silent and exalted bliss, too great for words or gestures of delight; only her poor little face beamed, a great still radiance lit her round eyes, till they seemed gazing at paradise; and whether she sat at Fitzpatrick's side, or danced with him, or looked up in his face as he bent over her, there was a fond, helpless, clinging confidence in her attitude that told the same tale: "My sun, my strength, my life, how should I live without thee?"

But the moment came when all this bliss was to end, and for ever, if she had but known it. Unhappy child! it was perhaps her very own silly hand; silly, because it forgot all else in its clasp, that wrote the first letter of the fatal "Fini." When she was cloaked, when Dr. Irving had gone to see about the fly, Fitzpatrick stayed with her, and told her he should see her home. "We can drop the old doctor," he said, gazing into her face with a very kind smile, and pressing her hand to his side. "And then I'll see my guest home. That'll be quite the right thing to do, eh, Jinny? Won't it, little one?"

She nodded vehemently; he felt her droop and lean against him with a movement of trusting love he could not misinterpret.

"Are you tired, darling?" he asked, with a vague impulse of caressing gratitude. "Not tired of me, you wicked little child!" "Oh, how could I be!" she sighed; and then Dr. Irving came to announce the fly, and acquiesce sleepily in Fitzpatrick's little arrangement; and they three got in, and were driven off.

"Good-night, my dear; sleep well," said Jinny's companion, with a curious doubt and tremble in his voice, and a curious suspicious glance at her companion. Take care of her, sir; she's alone. Then he got out, and pattered up the path to his dreary little cottage, without ever a look back at the clear stars just winking in the early morning grayness, though dead-and-gone memories were wakening in his dull breast.

Fitzpatrick was quiet enough during the rest of the drive, though he did not draw back from the girlish figure that leaned against his shoulder; though he took the thin hand that was so wofully ready to be taken, he refrained from putting his arm round her, or speaking more words of love. Slumbering honor was stirring a little; Jinny was so utterly and awfully in his power, he was for the time more afraid of her than of the most self-possessed prude in the world.

But this was not to last; when the fly had set them down, and rattled away, Fitzpatrick still lingered, and stood close to her. The sky was growing from deep blue to warm pearly gray; the stars fading tranquilly out; a soft air stirred the shrubs in the little garden, and blew a long tree that had lost its curl against his cheek, and sighed a tender little song in Jinny's ear. The sky, and the wind, and the flowers were very sweet; in that July night, society, society's restrictions and obligations seemed worlds off. He forgot for a moment that he had given his heart elsewhere; he forgot that Jinny Lake was ugly, and simple, and poor; could only spoil his worldly career, and never satisfy the fastidious cravings of eye and mind. He only realized, looking down on that innocent face, shining with a soft glory of believing love, that he was all her life to her; had moulded her every thought and deed since their first meeting; that there was a worshipper who, disowned and rejected, no after power and success could ever give back to him.

"O Jinny," he began painfully, and stoned.

Then she found words at last—words piteous through trust, not through doubt. "Oh, I do, do love you! You won't leave me, will you? I have no one but you. Indeed, indeed, I could not live!"

Her head had fallen on his shoulder; her large eyes were lifted, wet with tears; in the faint starlight he saw the half-smile of fervent happiness on her lips, and bent and kissed them—kissed that smile away from the face.

"And I love you, too, my own, dearest, little Jinny," he murmured.

She lay quiet on his breast till he saw fit to release her, which he did presently with a troubled: "I must not keep you in the night air, my child. Give me another kiss for 'Good night.'"

She was very obedient; she trusted him so; her lips were put up like a child's; she never asked whether he would come on the morrow, nor when, nor wanted promises and assurances, as some women do.

"Good night, my darling," he said, turning away.

"Good-night, good-bye," said Jinny, crying happily. Then she gathered a late rosebud, and gave it him; and he taking it—her first gift of love—with tender and gallant thanks, left her.

She leaned her bare arms on the top of the little gate, and looked at him, picking his way daintily across the stony road; once he turned, and took off his hat, and she kissed her hand many times, fondly. She stayed there a long while, staring in vague, passionate thankfulness at the blessing sky, rehearsing over and over again in her own mind his words, his kisses, his kind looks—wishing the morning sunshine would come and bring him back; for would he not be with her always and for ever now, since he had said he loved her, and his love could not forsake or lie, whatever they said in story books!

How she would obey and please him in all things! how hard she would try not to be awkward and foolish any more, to move and speak gracefully, as he said girls should move and speak, to learn the music and sketch the scenes which Fitzpatrick had admired. She would go out that very day, later, and try and copy a barn, with a group of birch trees behind it, and then begin to practice a new valse. Well, it seemed very hard to leave the spot his recent presence had made lovely, to turn away from the magical morning glow breaking over the distant wood, from the low twitter of the little birds in the nearer trees, and shut herself up in her ugly little room.

But she should take her fairy gift of joy with her there, close to her heart, never, never to leave it more, except with life, and what other dreariness could matter now? "Nothing, nothing matters!" she whispered to herself, fondling her own hand because he had held it in his, as she laid her head (such a dizzy throbbing head!) on the pillow; "I can never be unhappy again!"

Morning came; Jinny gave her aunt an account of the ball, in which Fitzpatrick figured prominently enough, but she did not repeat his words. She had a vague notion he would want to see that lady herself; and if not, why, there was plenty of time to tell the sweet secret that was, as yet, her very own—no sharer in it.

So she drew, and practised, put on her prettiest dress, and then began to think it time for Fitzpatrick to come. She was not a bit exacting; but he had said he loved her, and she judged his love by hers.

She sat in the window waiting, or ran down the garden path, heedless of sun and dust, to look out at the gate, from morning to sunset. She strained her eyes till it was black night, and came back into the room with sad reluctance, but without the faintest touch of fear or distrust.

He did not come the next day, nor the next to that. But why drag out such a story? He did not come at all. Weeks—months passed. Through all the glaring summer, passers-by never missed the slight unformed figure crouched in the window-seat behind the faded green red curtain, or standing at the little gate with its blistered paint, one thin hand shading the round, soft eyes that stared yearningly down the dull road, and blinked back the sad tears that would rise sometimes, or pressed against two simple lips ever in a piteous quiver of expectation. People learned to notice her—notice the two small black eyes—blue and lilac "week and week about," growing more limp and faded each time; the heavy hair she soon ceased to dress with care and pleasure; the plain face that was plain again now, and had a startled, feverish wildness in the great wistful eyes. She did not care if it was fine or dull, whether the sun scorched or the rain chilled her: if the maid brought her a cloak, she would huddle it round her abstractedly, or perhaps let it fall. It did not much matter—nothing mattered now, she repeated with dull iteration, not until he came.

I cannot tell her feelings; I can only say she loved him better than ever, if she believed in him so utterly no more. She might have thought him ill or dead; only one of the tradesmen, who sometimes went to the town where his regiment was quartered, had seen him at intervals, apparently quite well and cheerful. She thought he must have some good reason for keeping away, as he did it; perhaps he wanted to see if she really loved him.

She was patient; and waited because she could do nothing else—she knew none of his friends, and she dared not try to find out indirectly about him.

Still less, at first, did she dare to write to him; she had heard him condemn so severely a lady who had taken some such step; but as his maxims of propriety faded, as the yearning to see him widened and deepened in the woman's heart, her fears forsook her. Four months after the July dawn that saw their parting she wrote him a letter, which, abrupt and ill dictated as it was, had the native of a hundred impassioned appeals in its helpless pleadings. Twenty times it was written out in Jinny's best hand, and torn up; completed, it was after all a brief and simple epistle:

MY DEAREST CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK.—Please will you tell me if I have done anything to vex you, for I am so very unhappy because you do not come. I know the young ladies you know do not write to gentlemen; but I have only you, and cannot help writing; and I will never do it again. Indeed, indeed, I do love you so very much, and am till I die your own

JINNY.

Why did he not come? Poor Jinny! The question that perplexed her so was easily answered.

The morning after the ball, the evening glimmer over, he took himself to task. He had gone too far with a child he never meant to marry—a good, affectionate, ugly little girl, whom it was absurd to suppose could ever be his wife. He was truly very sorry to part from her, to lose her foolish flatteries and lavish sympathy; but for her sake, even more than his own, things must go no farther. It would not do to have farewell scenes, for he knew he was soft-hearted, and could not bear to see a woman cry. There were no presents to be sent back; one poor little rosebud he did indeed, with a sigh, fling into the grate; but the music he had given her, poor little soul! she was

welcome to keep—even to play it to some end of a fellow whom she would end by marrying. He became a little plaintive on this text, thinking of little Jinny's loving ways; but was soon comforted by an invitation to stay at a specially "jolly" house in the neighborhood, where there were lots of horses and pretty girls. That was Fitzpatrick's epitaph for his last amusement.

Jinny's letter coming when he was on leave, first gave him a fit of the blues, and then made him quite angry it should have had such a power—so ill spelled, written, and expressed an epistle.

He tore it up, angry with himself and her, stamped about the room, and made a whole-some resolution to be careful of country-towns innocences for the future.

After this exultation, his spirit returned, and he soon became, to use his own phrase, "as jolly as ever."

"By Jove, cunning dodge, that letter!" he laughed to himself. "But it's no go, my little friend; we are not quite so green as you fancy. If I ever commit myself about the old table, it won't be with you—Ah! what a girl that other was; such a lot of style, and go and pluck!"

Alas! if Jinny could have seen the reception of her first poor little heart-utterance, her love-letter written when love, on one side at least, had long been over!

CHAPTER III.

JINNY'S THIRD BALL.

"You did not know what you were doing, did you?"

One day Dick Jones ran over to the town to visit some friends who were staying there. Returning from his call, as he walked down the High Street, a timid voice arrested him. He turned round, and saw, in the gleamy winter sunshine, a wan young face with large, pleading eyes in piteous search of life, a white, pinched mouth, and dark hair, pushed carefully back under a shabby brown hat.

"By Jove! Fitzpatrick's Miss Jinny," he cried, shaking her cold hand heartily. "But, I say, you've been ill, haven't you? Oh, poor girl, you look awfully seedy!"

"I am not ill," said the soft voice, trying hard to be steady. "At least, I shall be well when he comes back—Captain Fitzpatrick, you know. Is he well? Where is he?"

"Oh, Fitzpatrick's all right," the good-natured officer answered soberly. "He's on leave—but coming back for our ball, you know."

"Your ball," said Jinny, hesitating, and with the ghost of one of her old painful blushes rising to her cheek. "I wanted—wanted to ask—if I thought perhaps—Oh, Mr. Jones!" She broke down, and put her hand over her eyes, sobbing.

"Go on, go on," said Jones, distressed and sympathetic. "Hang it, I'll do anything."

"I did so want a card for your ball," she murmured, looking up tearfully. "I have a sovereign—I could pay—oh, I wouldn't ask if I wasn't—wasn't—wretched!" And she cried again.

Mr. Jones did not hesitate a moment. "Pay? Boah!" he exclaimed. "You shall have tickets, certainly—you and that old fellow, the doctor. You should, if I had to sell my—my—grandmother. Only look here; don't you cry like that, you make one feel so horribly queer. Now, I say, that's worse!"

For Jinny had seized both his hands, and was trying to kiss them, a ceremony no one had assuredly ever performed towards this excellent officer before. He released himself, and, despite, promising to send the tickets; and he was faithful, though he could not stay for the ball himself; he wished he could—"For I'm sure the poor little soul wants looking after," he thought. "O Fitz, you're a sad fellow; you've done a cruel job here, I'm afraid!"

Which "Fitz," all unconscious of what was hanging over him, had become very cheerful, and much on the alert. "That other girl," was coming to the ball, and, perhaps, who knows—as he had been so constant. Such a pretty girl—no end of style and pluck. Old Dr. Irving had been away a long time, and only came back because he received an imploring note from Jinny, begging his escort for the ball—came indeed, but just in time to call for her, and take her there. So he knew nothing of the town gossip—of how Jinny Lake had lost her lover, and wore the willow openly, and how that lover was consoling himself.

This ball was no brilliant dress, but a time of dreary, cruel realities: this ball had no firm arm for her to lean on, no winning eyes, no fervent lips, to look and smile on hers, no bold gay voice to whisper patronizing praise or kind instructions in her charmed ear, no envious feminine glances nor amused masculine ones, to follow her. Not that she had cared about those latter, save as confirmation of the happy truth, that seemed truth then, at least. She went down the room on her old friend's uncertain arm, trying to smile and talk to him, but looking wildly round, and starting at every passing voice or step. She had read something about a gambler's last throw, and she thought to herself this was hers. If she won it, oh, what might not be!—If she lost it, well, everything would be over. She must go away somewhere into the dark, and die; he might be sorry then, just a little, and believe she loved him only.

Her last throw—miserable little gambler! she was preparing for it, as, with flaming cheeks, the eager liquid glitter in her round eyes, restless gestures, and wild little laughs and exclamations, she stood by Dr. Irving's side. A fossil plesiosaurus and a living butterfly could scarcely have presented a greater contrast; the life in him nearly burned out, the life in the other leaping, throbbing, racing, in a passion of fear and love, at a fever heat.

Alas! she did not look her best—she had not thought of trying to look her best—her dress was dowdy and unbecoming, her rapid movements and flushed anxious face did not become her either.

"Where's your young officer?" asked Dr. Irving presently. "Before, he was here to meet you."

"Oh, he is coming, coming," said Jinny, faithful in her faith. "He is so kind."

Nevertheless, she waited long and vainly. But, towards the middle of the evening, a slight quick figure, the profile of a big moustache and a glossy cropped head, caught her eye. Her heart came up in her throat, and she started, and the ceiling came down, she thought. But she made a violent unconscious effort, and, recovering herself, stared with fixed expectancy at his false lover. Poor Jinny! she frightened his weaker nature by the very intensity of feeling that might have moved a stronger, as she stood with

her neck a little stretched towards him, her quivering hands half open, as though waiting to clasp his, her large eyes aflame, as if each had a separate life, whose only object was his love, her lips starting with the quick leaps of her heart.

He glanced at her, then averted his eyes, inclined his head carelessly, and disappeared among the crowd.

A choked "Oh, Captain Fitzpatrick!" pursued him, but it was too faint and sobbing for him to hear.

"My dear, hadn't you better go home?" said Dr. Irving, with a heavy pitying look, pressing her hand a little.

"I don't want to," she answered abstractedly, straining her eyes after the little figure gliding through the throng.

"You see, you don't know any one—and—hadn't you better?"

"No, no," cried Jinny impatiently, and in a voice of despair: "I leave me alone!"

So he ceased his entreaties, seeing too plainly that this frail vessel of hope would soon shatter itself against the rocks of inevitable, and he at rest.

And Jinny thought that was not her last throw, after all—she had one more left. One more: to get near him without his perceiving it, and speak to him before he could turn away. She would wait and be very patient, but she would speak that night; for, who knew? they might never meet again—she might die, or he go far away. She got away from Dr. Irving (he was not hard to elude,) and wandered about; but Fitzpatrick seemed to have disappeared. She was beginning to feel sick and hopeless with her weary search, when the gay familiar tones fell on her ear. She was in a passage leading to the supper-room, and his voice came from thence: to where that voice, calling her fond names no longer, could yet speak, she went blindly, unconscious that the old doctor followed her.

The room was empty of all but two when she stood in the doorway, and looked in: two, and who were they? A young lady, fair and pretty, and coquettish, beautifully dressed in pale blue satin and blush roses, with pearls round her white throat and in her ears, and dazzling golden hair dressed high, with showers of ringlets falling from it: a young lady in whose face wretched, awkward, foolish Jinny saw not only beauty, but wit, and earnestness, and love, who was smiling a soft complacent smile, and glancing up with a look half impudent, half fond at her companion—who was evidently her lover.

Her companion—her lover? No, Jinny's—Jinny's by a thousand tender words, tender glances, tender thoughts, by those two passionate kisses in the dim sweetness of the July dawn, by all he had taught her which she could never unlearn, by the life which she had no being save in his love, now.

And her captain, tender and true, was leaning lovingly over this new girl, saying soft things in her ear, with a look of such utter satisfaction, joy, and rest as he had never worn yet; and now, taking a slender lovely hand, and kissing it worshippingly, and now—it could not be!—holding her in his arms to his heart.

Jinny felt very tired; she thought she could hear her own heart moaningly, because it was so lonely and so cold; her hapless eyes seemed strained wide open by cruel fingers; her lips got white, her knees wavered, her chest and her throat burned like fire. But she could not look nor move away, till, suddenly, Fitzpatrick's eyes met hers. Fresh from his recent triumph, beaming and tender, yet so familiar, she could not endure to see it. She threw up her arms with a stifled cry of agony, and staggered towards him. Then she thought something within her snapped and crashed; a strange sense of quietness, a numbness of death chilled the fiery pain, her strained eyelids relaxed, and she turned away, and came back waveringly to Dr. Irving. She did not care to look any longer, nor to hear what those two said. She knew it was all over with her; she did not care for anything, since God let such cruel things as this be, except to be quiet and away from all the people; to go back, and lie down in the dark.

"I am so cold. The light hurts my eyes," she said; and he, in silence, gave her his arm, and took her home. He was very sorry; but what could he do? Perhaps, after all, the worst was over, since she was so quiet. She could not come to much harm now.

She bid him "Good-night," and went up to her room very quietly; undressed in a dead mechanical way, and lay down. Even then she did not cry, or moan, or toss about. She lay open-eyed, without stirring a finger, staring into the darkness. So the maid found her when, as the morning sun-light streamed into the room, she came in full of questions about the ball, which Jinny did not hear nor answer at all, except when the woman mentioned Fitzpatrick's name. Then she stirred, and made a little sound of tired impatience, and turned away from the light.

She could not be persuaded to eat, nor get up, nor even sit up in bed. She shook her head when a book was offered her; she heeded the servant's indignation no more than the wind whistling outside; her aunt's message made no difference to her.

At last, Wilkins, the maid, got frightened, and sent for Dr. Irving. He came, felt the poor child's pulse, looked at her tongue, asked whether she had "any pain anywhere"—to which she shook her head—and then stood drearily staring at her.

"She's low," he said. "Wants tonics and cheering; but there's nothing to be in bed for. Will you get up, Miss Jinny?"

She shook her head again, with a look of aversion.

"Why not—eh? Nothing ails you, you foolish little girl, does it?"

Then Jinny looked up with a dim, scornful smile, and spoke at last:

"I think my heart is broken," said she. "And, please, I want nothing."

Irving shrugged his shoulders, and went out. There was nothing to be done; Jinny could not well be dragged out of bed, or have food forced down her throat. Some soup and wine were, however, given her in the course of the day, but with no rousing effect.

She did not speak, nor cry, nor give trouble: nothing seemed to pain her except the sunshine, from which she turned wearily away. Her aunt had been bedridden for years, and besides, could not realize Jinny's strange state.

So Jinny lay unvisited one day—two, three, five, seven, ten days. Then the doctor came again, looked very serious; and stayed a long while, trying to rouse her. He talked of the ball, of Fitzpatrick—praised, blamed, reviled him; but even that once dear and powerful name was powerless now—her lips never quivered, her fixed eyes never moved.

He had her lifted out of bed, and supported (she was too weak to stand) to the window. She only shuddered a little, and seemed impatient to be disturbed. And Irving said, if she showed no signs of mending, another doctor must be called in.

In a week she had not mended, she was worse; and the physician summoned to her gave the astounding news that she never would mend—news which chilled awfully those who had done their duty by her with indifference and almost with contempt.

"Miss Jinny" would never get well—to tease and trouble with her many wants, her awkward performance of the little tasks that fell to her share, her long foolish dreamings, any more. She was beyond all that—beyond the long watch and the vain waiting; forever beyond improvement and deterioration alike.

Wilkins, the maid, when she had cried over the sad truth, sobbed out a confession that she did not think the poor child "fit to go." Of late, Wilkins said—oh, all last year—she had seemed to give over saying her prayers and reading her Bible; she had not seemed to listen or care when she, Wilkins, read it to her. The two doctors had not much to do with this, but they were sorry and disturbed. They did not guess what little messenger, soulless and dumb, was doing God's work with poor Jinny's wandering soul.

As she lay there, dimly wandering through the past year, one bitter thought, momentarily more intense, grew in her mind, that no one could ever love her—not her aunt, not Wilkins, not her dear captain, not even He who took up and comforted the forsaken—that therefore she was lost forever—while with this strangely mingled the remembrance of her lover's last kiss. "No one cares for me!" she moaned. A low soft cry answered her, something tender and warm touched her cheek. That cry, that touch, went to her very soul, though it was only the cat, whose kitten had died, and who was mourning it in her way. "Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" she cried, "do you love me after all?" And then the tears came forth, and ran down her cheeks, and she wept for many hours.

Wilkins need not have troubled herself about her state of mind; the cat was the best missionary to poor Jinny, who had been a little heathen in all save the forms of religion till now; and then she was very near death, and so was things with wonderful clearness and truth, though she had no words to speak of them.

Her one great fault had brought a far greater anguish, and was bringing fast upon her the peace the world could not give. She was very sorry for all she had done wrong, and prayed humbly for pardon for her idol worship—prayed that no punishment might come on the idol's head for her own silly weakness. Finally, almost at the last, when she had kissed the cat's head, and had said: "Pussy, I hope you will have another little one to comfort you," and it had been taken out of the room, she asked whether she might send a message to Captain Fitzpatrick. "Tell him I wasn't angry, and I don't mind now. And give him my dear love—tell him, if he will come, I should like to give it him myself. You know," she said to the old doctor, taking his hand with a weak smile, "I'm not like Kitty—no other can comfort me for him."

And Dr. Irving, seeing her calmness, and with a certain stern wish that Fitzpatrick should behold his own work, went and did her bidding.

It was a startling thing to be matched suddenly from the sunny-scented boarder, where his lady-love sat singing bright little French songs to him; to stand beside the death-bed of another, loving and true, whom he had done to death through her too tender trust—stand in the still, darkened room, with no sound save her last labored breathings, alone with his victim. Though, as he followed the doctor through the familiar gate, this thought troubled him, the remembrance of Jinny's blind adoration rendered it less terrible. She would either adore him still, he believed, or else reproach and rave at him in a way that should do much to justify his desertion. Yet his light step was sober, as it paused at her door, his bright eyes wavering and troubled, for Fitzpatrick's heart and conscience were not dead.

"Jinny," said Irving, "will you see him now?"

"Is he come?" said Jinny. "Oh, please."

Fitzpatrick entered gently, prepared to comfort, soothe, feign his old love, if need be; for she might die happier if so deceived. But the instant his gaze fell upon the bed, his hopes, his visions of keeping still the old superior position vanished. Jinny was a woman, was his first thought, and almost beautiful—could not love him humbly now, as she used to do, nor trouble him with over-praise. She was white, and thin, and plainly dying; her mouth was drawn, and wore a sweet smile of conquered pain; her big eyes looked bigger than ever, and had a steady peaceful shining, an almost divine radiance that brightened all her face. The very faint movements of her hands had a strange significance and dignity—Jinny would never more be rude or shy—awkward, silly, boydenish, little foolish Jinny would never more believe and be betrayed, trust and be forsaken, cry, or trouble, or wait and weary, again. That was all over. It was Fitzpatrick now who had no words, who was awed, almost frightened, who needed her sweet welcoming gesture before he could venture to approach. Once his slave—a queen was more approachable; once his toy—almost an angel of God; once praying pardon so piteously for small errors or none—now, why her very love, if love it was that made her summon him, seemed only the far-off pity and pardon of a glorified saint. He hesitated, a dark red flush covered his face, his eyes fell as he came near her, he dared not even ask if she forgave, but broke down and sobbed at the first word.

"Oh, don't cry like that," said Jinny, stroking his hand with both hers very tenderly. "Never mind; you are sorry—you did not know what you were doing, did you, dear? It was my fault; I wrote I couldn't live without you, and I am dying, you see. But indeed, I don't care. I am quite, quite happy."

"Oh, by Jove!" cried Fitzpatrick, the tears running down his cheeks now. "Sorry! I should think so! You make me feel what a scoundrel I've been. I'd sooner you shot me than be so sweet, and, and talk in this way."

"But I must," Jinny murmured in her weak voice. "I couldn't be cross the last, last time." Then she pointed to a chair by the bedside; and Fitzpatrick sat down silently, humbled, repentant, self-hating, as he had never in the course of his easy life been before.

Jinny spoke again presently, with a little sigh: "You are going to be married, aren't you, to that young lady in pink and blue?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered Fitzpatrick, hanging his head; he had almost added, in the depth of his remorse, "not unless you like it."

"Ah!" said Jimmy, sighing again, "I hope you will be happy; but, my dear captain, you won't make any one else think you love them, and then leave them, will you?"

"Never again," answered Fitzpatrick under his breath; "I shall never forget this, nor you."

Poor Jimmy, she was past blushing; but she smiled a little, and her dim eyes brightened in the old fond foolish way at his words.

Then she sank into silence, and lay quiet, holding his hand, and looking dreamily at the fading sunset red beyond the window—an early sunset, like her own. Fitzpatrick rebelled against it; he could not bear to see her lying there with a weak smile of patient fondness flickering across her lips, or a sharp gasp and quiver of pain shaking her slight frame.

"Jimmy," he asked hopelessly, "won't you get well? What's the matter with you?"

She did not tell him, as she told the doctor, that her heart was broken, nor that it was so, as she told herself, by her desertion—she was meek and childishly tender now, as she had always been.

"No, dear," she said faintly; "I'm going to die."

"Oh, Jimmy," he muttered in a wild way, "if you could live I'd be different to you, I swear I would."

"No; you love some one else, my dear captain, and you must be good to her. I know—I know I wasn't fit to be your wife. But everything is right now."

It was getting very dark, and a strange trembling awe crept over gay Captain Fitzpatrick's soul as he sat alone with his innocent victim, her frail fingers clinging round his hand, her failing breath on his bowed face.

She was going to die, and for his sake. Her hand was getting very cold in his this minute, but she murmured something faintly. He bent his head to hear the question.

"Isn't there a new moon?"

"Yes."

"You ought to wish, oughtn't you? I remember I did; but Christ's will be better than our wish, isn't it? Dear, I feel so weak; so—"

"I'll call the doctor. Oh, Jimmy!"

"No; don't call any one; I only want you. Don't go; I'm not afraid. Only say 'Our Father to me.'"

He tried, but the first word choked him utterly, and Jimmy began to whisper it herself. She soon ceased, and lay quite still for a while. Then, suddenly, she sat up, and groped in the dark.

"Where are you?" she panted. "I'm afraid."

"I'm here, quite close," cried Fitzpatrick in terror. But she was thinking of him no longer, and he quailed. In the dark, he heard her nuzzle into the pillow murmuring something that sounded like: "So, so tired—"

all alone—so glad to rest;—and heave a long, satisfied sigh. He thought she was dead, and felt a strangely bitter pang that she had not said "Good-bye."

But little Jimmy was faithful in death as in life. Her weak hand fell away from his face, and tried tenderly to wipe away his tears. Her voice, which now he strained his ear to catch, though once he had listened to it so heedlessly, murmured in a fond, pining sigh: "Don't mind; don't cry, love. Please God, comfort and bless me—"

And before Fitzpatrick could credit and understand that this prayer was for him, Jimmy herself was comforted, and lying in arms that could never grow cold or false, or let her go, as his had done.

He kissed her quiet hand timidly before he went away, and could hardly believe it would never stroke his cheek, or try to detain him as it used to do, any more.

He felt unwontedly heavy and sober as he left the mournful house, as though he had left there a bit of the world's brightness.

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Soon, there was a little white cross in the churchyard under the old willows—the willow no one could count her with wearing now—and a simple inscription:

JIMMY. Aged 16 years and 10 months.

"He shall gather the lamb with his arm, and bear them in his bosom."

Old Dr. Irving, standing long after by that little grave, muttered to himself sadly: "Whom the gods love, die young!" for though the first there was a bunch of lilacs and snowdrops upon it, the second it was forgotten.

AMONG the cases argued before the present term of the Court of Appeals at Albany, N. Y., was one that originated in a Justice's Court in 1860, the dispute being over the amount of interest due on borrowed money, which only amounted to about \$8. The difference of opinion between the parties was only 4 cents. One made the amount of interest \$8.08; the other \$8.12. A suit was instituted to recover the four cents difference, and the suit is still in vogue, after a lapse of eighteen years. The \$8.12 has increased to \$1,800, besides the fees attending the prosecution and defense of the claim. The original actors are both dead, as well as the first lawyers who appeared in the case. When it will be terminated, it is hard to divine.

A Senator from one of the mountain districts of Tennessee, on his arrival at Nashville to take his seat, put up at a first-class hotel, when the following occurred on taking his seat at the table:

Servant—"What will you have, sir, tea or coffee?"

Servant—"Tea."

Servant—"What kind of tea?"

Servant—"Store tea; do you suppose I came here to drink sassafras?"

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Secret History OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The astounding revelations and startling disclosures made in this work, are creating the most intense desire in the minds of the people to obtain it. The secret political intrigues, the hidden mysteries from "Behind the Scenes in Richmond," are thoroughly explained. Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address: NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. my15-4

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Thirty cents a line for the first insertion. Twenty cents for each additional insertion. Payment is required in advance.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS.

Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?

Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.

Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?

Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESH, a large business.

Question. Do they have the goods "READY MADE" as well as lower grades?

Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.

Question. Do they have BOYS' CLOTHING?

Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garb, Hats, Shoes, and every description of Children's Clothing.

Question. How can I be satisfied that this is not a hum?

Answer. Very easily—by simply going to Oak Hall, on the corner of Sixth and Market Sts., and EXAMINE FOR YOURSELF. Wanamaker & Brown's, and their salesmen and clerks will treat you with the utmost politeness, whether you wish to purchase or not. my8-4m

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Sights and Secrets OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A work descriptive of Washington City; its high and low life, magnificent public buildings, hidden mysteries, villas and corporations, the inside workings of the Government. Showing how the public money is squandered; how rings are managed; how officials are blackmailed; how counterfeiting is carried on; and all about female lobby mongers, lady clerks, etc. It is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and startling book published.

Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address: UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York. apt17-4m

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The best teachers everywhere are making it the standard instruction book for cabinet organs and melodions. CLARKE'S NEW METHOD for reading organs. By Wm. H. Clarke. This valuable work is not published in order to advertise cabinet organs, but to give the student aid to those who desire to become accomplished players upon these pleasing instruments.

Be careful and order "Clarke's New Method," published by Ditson & Co., New York, and published several years since, has just been re-issued by another house under the pretense of being new! Price in boards \$2.50. Best, post-paid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston. CLARKE'S NEW METHOD, 714 Broadway, New York.

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"WONDERS OF THE WORLD,"

Startling Incidents, Interesting Scenes and Wonder Tales from, in all Countries, all Ages, and among all Peoples.

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OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. By the most distinguished Artists in Europe and America.

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A HAND SPINNER.

With 12 Spindles, to accompany the Celebrated Men's Hair Dressing Book. It will do 10 days work of the old fashion Spinning Wheel in one day, and do it more easily. A girl or a boy can operate either the spinner, or the Loom. The spinner will spin 40 knots per hour, from short rolls, or 20 from long rolls. And the Loom will make from 20 to 30 yards of cloth, or carpet per day. Every farmer and weaver should have them. For particulars and price list, address with stamp, H. T. THOMAS, Successor to A. H. GATES & Co., 22 North 13th St., Philadelphia. my12-2m

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Made entirely of Metal; Boiler and Furnace complete; will work for hours if supplied with water. Rec. free from danger; a child can work it. Sent free with instructions for \$1.00; three for \$2.50. WALTER HOLT, 102 Nassau Street, New York. 17-3m

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Pianos greatly reduced for cash. New 7-octave Pianos, of first-class makers, for \$275 and upward; new Cabinet Organs and Melodions for \$40 and upward; second hand instruments at great bargain—prices from \$40 to \$75. Monthly installments received. Warerooms No. 494 Broadway, New York. HOBACE WATERS. my23-3m

\$100 A MONTH SALARY PAID FOR

agents, male and female; business new, pleasant and permanent. Address, enclosing 3-cent stamp, C. L. Van Allen & Co., 174 Broadway, New York. \$2 to \$10 a day. Send for circular. my23-3m

LADY AGENTS WANTED

in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from \$5 to \$10 a day. Send for circular. Address: De Vos, Empress Manufacturing Co., 740 Broadway, New York City. 1717-4m

WHISKY, 10 cents a gallon; Instructions 25

cents. Address Box 14, Fort Deposit, Md. 178-3m

SEERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SEERMAN, Astoria Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, to return to the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 607 Broadway, New York City.

Dr. SEERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical cures for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SEERMAN is the founder of the "Maraca Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, avail themselves of his visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. 1619-17

NEW AYER'S

CRAYONS. HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effective for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the glass and brushes of AYER'S. This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and held more often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such persons can be saved from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the "Ayer's" can only benefit but not harm it. It is wanted merely for a

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S

LATEST NOVELTY.

Connoisseurs in Art, and all who are tired of the old style of photographs, are invited to examine these new Pictures as they pass the Gallery of the underlined.

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

These beautiful effects, first introduced by this firm, are precisely those of the fine French lithographs "Aur Deux Crayons," and may be compared to all sizes of portraits from the Carte de Visite to the largest heads.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown. apt17-2

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PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 1609 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER, Pres. A. A. L. M. C.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS OF THE WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorable Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMB on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and successfully conceal their infirmities.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the New Rules for Amputation, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of FRAUDULENT COPIES, send only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct17-17

AGENTS. AGENTS. AGENTS.

The Pacific Railroad Opened.

Seven Days from New York to San Francisco

And now a new interest is felt in

THE GREAT WEST

by everybody. We have issued a NEW EDITION of our popular work,

"BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI,"

By Albert D. Richardson, written up by the author to the Summer of 1898. Nothing will compare with this book now. New text, new engravings, new index, new maps. It now contains 600 pages, 116 illustrations, and is the most complete of all books on the list. We sell it with all additions at its original price.

It is the only book that can show

THE OLD WEST AS IT WAS, AND THE NEW WEST AS IT IS.

Agents should not attempt to sell imitation books or those which cover but a small portion of our Western territory and a limited space of time, but give people what they really want, the full and complete history of the whole West from 1827 down to the present time. We shall pay large commissions on this work, and agents can get terms by applying to the publishers.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J. 178-41

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Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for \$1.00. Address: F. F. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. 1617-17

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We will pay Agents a Salary of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address: W. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. my23-3m

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Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address: DIES, BARCOCK & SON, 700 Broadway, New York. mar27-4m

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A package, with full directions, mailed for 15 cents. Success guaranteed. Address: BLACKIE & CO., 740 Broadway, New York. my19-3m

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\$1. will please cut this out, and send for particulars to: PALMER & CO., 738 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa. my8-3m

THE CELEBRATED STERLING SIX CORN, SOFT FINISH, SPOOL COTTON.

EQUAL, IF NOT SUPERIOR, TO ANY OTHER THREAD.

WELL ADAPTED TO HAND AND SEWING MACHINE WORK.

A. T. Stewart & Co., NEW YORK.

Sole Agents for the United States.

VENEZIA.—Now made from Chlor, Wine, Molasses or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For terms, circulars, etc., address F. L. Ross, Vinegar Maker, Cincinnati, O.

ON CAMPS, AGES CAMPS, AGES CAMPS.

How to tell the age of any one, from a wonder than the Velocipede. Price 10 cents per pack, 50 cents for \$1. Address: HOBBS & CO., 29 Park Row, N. Y.

MADEWOOD INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, Pittsford, Mass., commences its Fall term Sept. 14, 1898. Facilities and location unsurpassed. Rev. C. V. SPEAR, Principal.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN

ADAMS PRESS CO., 28 Murray Street, NEW YORK.

PRINTED.

EMPLOYMENT (that pays). For particulars, address: M. HANCOCK & Co., Southboro, Vt.

Savage's Urine.

PURE GRESHAM OF THE CANADA BEAR.

Superior to every other brand for softening, giving a brilliant gloss, and increasing the growth of the hair.

Evans, Mason & Co., (late Lippincott & Comp.) 101 Broadway, New York.

AND SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MURKIN SHOT GUNS WARRANTED.

To shoot close and kill 50 yards. Price, \$2.00. Wanted.—Army Guns and Revolvers. Send stamp for price list. Higgs, Shot Guns, Revolvers, to JOHNSTON'S GUN WORKS, Pittsford, N. Y.

Send a Boy for all. Address: A. J. FULLAN, N. Y.

\$20 A DAY to make and mend.

\$20 agents to introduce the BUCKEYE 300 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Each sells on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than \$10. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address: W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

\$10 Per Day Guaranteed.

Agents to sell the famous Shuttle Sewing Machine. It makes the Lock stitch, alike on both sides, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price \$10.00. Warranted for 3 years. Send for circular. Address: JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

\$3,500 PER YEAR to sell "Wonder of the World." J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR \$100 PER LINE

We will insert an advertisement in one thousand newspapers, one month. The list includes single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly, more than 100 daily papers, in which the advertiser obtains 100,000 readers to the month, and the leading papers more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office. Send stamp for our circular. Address: F. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS.—\$75 to \$100 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the ORIENTAL IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$10. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$100 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be parted apart without tearing it. We pay agents from \$75 to \$100 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address: ROWELL & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties peddling of worthless or cheap machines under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WANTED—AGENTS.—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. This machine will knit the simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 2,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address: AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE LADIES.—For 10 cts. we will send by return mail two papers: "WOMAN'S WORLD" and "LADY'S WORLD," and catalogue of DRY AND FANCY GOODS which can be sent by mail. Address: ROWELL & CO., 55 South St., Boston, Mass.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

The firm, whose letter we print below, gave us in 1897 what was then the largest contract we had ever received for our "List of 100 Local Newspapers." The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best argument we can give that these "Lists" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAKWELL, MANUFACTURERS OF Axes, Shovels, Saws, &c., No. 118 Water Street, PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 3, 1898.

Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.

But a short time elapsed before we were required on every side for "Gullhorn's Patent Red Jacket" as, proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent.

The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers" is

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Curious Experience.

The party was over. So much so, that I was the last to leave, and when I came into the lobby found there was only one hat there. As usually happens after evening parties that hat was not mine. But that was not the worst of it. The gentleman, if he will permit me to call him so, had left his head in it; a fact which, while it excused his thoughtlessness in taking my hat by mistake, rendered my position the more confusing.

A few moments of meditation sufficed to show me the course I had to pursue. The hat, I should mention, was far too large for my own head. I stepped into the supper room, which was luckily on the same floor, and hastily snatching up a dessert spoon, I covered my own head, which I gave to the servant, telling her I would call for it in the morning. I then clapped on the head and hat in the lobby and left the house.

Then began my difficulties. My body, accustomed to the habits inculcated by my own head, was utterly at a loss to reconcile itself to the strange directions issued by that which belonged to the strange gentleman. He was evidently of a jocular nature, for he knocked at doors, and rang bells, and chaffed policemen with an audacity which made my legs stagger and tremble under him. Nor was this all. He insisted on my body accompanying him into public houses and partaking of whiskey—Irish whiskey—which gave my body some faint glimmering of his nationality. To make matters worse, Irish whiskey is one of those things which my stomach has a horror of. Consider its feelings then when in the midst of its disgust it was conscious that somebody else's lips were smacking as if it approved of the beverage.

To add to my body's misery, although it evinced the greatest anxiety to go home, the strange head compelled it to walk in another direction. This did not matter much at first, as my body supposed the head was only going to its own home. But eventually it turned out that the head was taking my innocent corpus to the midnight haunts of vice and dissipation. Thereupon ensued a terrific struggle. In the course of which I fell down several times with such violence that it is strange the head did not come off. But the head, as might be expected, got the better of it; though my body was so exhausted it could hardly obey its dictates. However, before long it was in the haunts of iniquity, and my stomach was taking in more of the whiskey in which his lips delighted, while my lungs were asphyxiated by the cigars that tickled his palate.

But this was not to last long. As my body was reluctantly taking his head to a fresh haunt they met a policeman, who charged me with drunkenness. The strange head hiccuped out a confused denial, but my sober and enraged body was so stung by the insult that it let fly with its left, and the result was, that after a brief *mêlée*, with several members of the force, head and trunk were taken to the station-house and locked up. To aggravate my misery, the head then took it into its head to ache till morning, when we were taken before the magistrate. The futile efforts my body made to compel the stranger's head to explain the solution of the mystery were set down as evidences of continued intoxication. The result was, my pocket had once again to pay for another head.

On my discharge, I hastened to the house where the party had been, and recovered my head, leaving the stranger's in the bottom of Hanson cab. I found my own head aching from the anxiety it had felt, on reflection, about the safety of its body. Strange to say, though I have explained all this to my wife, she will not believe it, and still insists that I must have been intoxicated and disorderly!

Theory of Wedding Presents.

Jones has been exercised in his mind about the theory of wedding presents. He believes in them. He knows they are a recognized and established institution which all the Joneses in the world could not subvert; but Jones is of an inquiring mind, and still he humbly asks—"Why is this true?" He goes to sea—no one gives him anything. He moves to a strange city—no gift goes with him. He invents a gunboat—the world does not trouble itself; but he engages himself to a young lady, and sends out wedding cards, and, presto, you would think somebody had found the purse of Fortunatus! They have more napkin rings given them than they would ever have children enough to use if they lived to the age of Methuselah. They have spoons and forks enough to set up a silver store—handkerchief boxes, inkstands, parian boys and girls, pictures, books, opera glasses, and every thing else that every body else can think of. Still Jones wonders why; but some one has given him a little new light. May it not be, Mr. Downcast suggests diffidently, because they know what you are coming to, and are pretty sure you'll need some comfort before you get through. Did you never hear of giving a stick of candy to a child who is going to have its teeth pulled?

Forgot Something.

There was a story, during the war, of one of Sherman's bummers, who met a Southern country gentleman in the course of one of his excursions, and stopped him. "Come out from under that hat," exclaimed the bummer; "I see you there." The unlucky victim delivered his hat. "Now come out of them boots," added the bummer, and his orders being obeyed, "Crawl out of that coat," said he, "and be quick about it." Having robbed the man successively also of his shirt, his trousers, and a finger-ring, the bummer was riding off, when his victim stopped him. "Look here, mister," said he, "you forgot something," and pulled out a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and handed it to him. "You'd be ruined if you left that," he said.

A PURIFIER.—At a recent Sunday-school concert near Boston the ordinance of baptism was administered, and the clergyman attempted to explain to the children the nature of the service. By way of illustration he said: "In Old Testament times blood was offered as an atoning sacrifice; hence it was spoken of as a purifier; but was used as an emblem of purity now—a day's wash cleanses." A moment's silence, and then a dozen little voices squeaked out—"except!"

An Englishman wishes to know if the children of Ham were Hamerican.



NERVOUS SPINTER (to wary old bachelor).—"Oh, Mr. Marigold, I'm so frightened! May I take hold of your hand while we're going through this tunnel?" (Wealthy bachelor thinks of the recent successful breach of promise suit for \$100,000 damages—and is horror struck!)

Anecdotes of Webster.

Daniel Webster was very diffident when a youth.

"Many a piece," says he, "did I commit to memory when a boy, and rehearsed it in my own room over and over again; but when the day came, and the school collected, and my name was called—when I saw all eyes turned upon my seat—I could not raise myself from it."

It is recorded that he was once accosted by a boorish backwoodsman, who asked, in an off-handed way,

"Is this Mr. Webster?"

"The great Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts?"

"I am that same Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts."

"Well, sir, I heard that you were a great man," quoth the stranger, "but I don't think so: I heard your speech, and understood every word you said."

This reminds one of the country jurymen's remark about Scarlett, the barrister. He did not see anything particular in the gentleman's delivery, he said; he won because he was on the right side. Scarlett was very persuasive.

Some Good Stories Told at the Congressional Union.

Dr. Tyng related the following: In Kansas I heard one of those good men who are always sent as missionaries—I don't know, perhaps it was by this very society—into the centre of the State. After travelling on the railroads and on the stage coaches, he at last came to the humble mule's back, which carried him to the last place where he could find comfort and a bed. As soon as he arrived there he was surrounded in a little sitting-room by the people, who were waiting, like the Athenians, to hear something new. One of them said to him: "Stranger, what might be your business?" "Well, my friends, what do you think my business is?" "Wall," looking at him from head to foot, "stranger, moughtn't he be buying lands?" "No." "H'm, h'm; I see, I see. Reckon you're a schoolmaster?" "No." "I see, I see. Coming for trade?" "No, not for trade." "Got folks out here?" "No, I haven't got a folk in the whole place."

"I see, Wall, stranger your a curious customer. I don't know what you are." "Well, now, my friend," said he, "just look at me, and say what you think I am."

"Wall," said the man, after a very searching look, "I think you're either a Chicago bummer or a travelling preacher."

Dr. Tyng said: "I have done some heavy work in the way of platform speaking—very heavy it was, at any rate, to the audience; for I have no doubt they felt as the Scotch minister's congregation did. You remember when he told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the day previous, the neighbor said to him, 'Why, minister, were you not tired to death?' 'Aw, nae,' said he, 'I was as fresh as a rose, but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was.'"

You recollect when Robert Treat Paine (you don't recollect it, but you remember the fact) was on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he had got to be quite aged (Robert Treat Paine, the father of the poet, by the way—don't confound them), and the bar desired him to retire from the bench; so they appointed Harrison Gray Otis, who was very polite and accomplished, to go and see the judge and talk with him on the subject. He suggested to the judge that it must be a very great inconvenience to him to leave his home so often and so long. "O! he was always ready to sacrifice his personal preferences for the good of the country." "But," suggested Otis, "you are not in good health; you are infirm; aren't you afraid this excessive duty will kill you?" "Yes," said he, "but a man cannot die in a better cause than administering justice." [Laughter.] "Do you see as well as you used to?" "Yes," said he, "I can see with my glasses very well."

"Can you hear as well as you used to?" for it was notorious that he could not hear anything unless yelled through a trumpet. He said "Yes, I hear perfectly; but they don't speak as loud as they did before the Revolution."

Dr. Cox was going out of my church one evening, and there was a shower of rain falling outside, and the people were therefore detained at the doors and did not pass out as rapidly as usual, and said to a distinguished clergyman of the Baptist denomination, then in Pierrepont street, who was walking out with him, said he, "Brother, what is the reason of this delay?" "I think," answered the other, "there is a shower outside." "Ah!" said the doctor, "there are quite a number of your persuasion here; they ought not to be afraid of the water." "No," said the brother, "it is not the water, but the sprinkling, that they are afraid of." "Ah," said Dr. Cox, "I know that they are afraid of that; and yet it comes from Heaven."

Sleep for Brain-Workers.

In a late number of the College Conrart is an article on sleep, by Dr. G. W. Beard, from which we make the following extract: "Students who are really faithful, laborious brain-workers need all the sleep they can get, whether at night or in the day time. The night is the most appropriate season for sleep, and yet we should never hesitate to take a nap in the day time whenever we find it necessary. Amid the cares and responsibilities of our modern civilization there are unnumbered interruptions and contingencies that make it practically impossible for us to obtain our full amount of sleep in the hours that are usually devoted to that purpose. Now there is no law so imperative on man as the law that requires us to sleep. If we deny ourselves of it, if we get behind, and to use the expression of the street, fall into debt to Nature in this respect, we must improve the first opportunity to make our health good, else we shall ultimately fail. A brain-worker who religiously enjoys a liberal amount of sleep may preserve his health and elasticity, even though he violates every other law of hygiene. On the contrary, he who faithfully observes all the rules of diet, of exercise, and of labor, yet denies himself of sleep, is really guilty of all, and can by no means escape unpunished. There is no appeal from this law. There is no virtue that can redeem its violation. It admits of no atonement. To sleep is the one great hygienic commandment. It is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and last of the great laws of mental hygiene. He who understands and obeys this law really understands and obeys the whole hygienic decalogue, for no one can long sleep well who persistently disregards the other laws of health. Sleep is one of the best of our thermometers of health. By the quantity and quality of sleep that our patients can take, we can best judge of their daily condition and of their progress towards recovery. We always feel assured that whatever improves the sleep of the exhausted invalid, to that degree helps him towards recovery, and that whatever disturbs this sleep, to that degree brings on relapse and disease. Sleeplessness is one of the earliest and most constant symptoms of insanity, of hypochondria, and of all the nameless forms of nervous derangement. Whenever, therefore, we find we are not sleeping as well as we are wont, when our dreams are peculiarly dark, and ugly, and distressing, and leave uneasily scars in the memory, when we roll, and toss, and worry through the watches of the night, anxiously waiting for the day, when we awake long before our accustomed hour of rising, and find no pleasure in the morning nap, then may we suspect that our bark is nearing the quicksands and shallows, and then without delay should we examine our charts, revise our calculations, and according to our best judgment return to the channel from which we have suffered ourselves to be driven."

Cruelty to animals is now called Berghary.

AGRICULTURAL.

Shall We Produce Our Own Bread-stuff?

It is a question that is attracting wide attention at the present time, whether we shall be able to produce our own supply of bread-stuffs. With supply sufficient to prevent the operations of speculators, a failure to supply a foreign demand should not be a source of discontent among the friends of agriculture, for grain-growing for export is undoubtedly the most illusive and least remunerative of all agricultural operations, and its worst feature is the exhaustion of the soil which invariably follows its culture in undue proportion to stock raising. The farmers of the West are realizing the truth made by an eminent American farmer more than twenty years ago, that "the profits of wheat appear well in expectation on paper, but the prospect is blasted by the appearance of insects, bad weather in harvesting or transportation to market, or lost by a fluctuation in the market itself," and many are inclining to the belief of Lord Brougham, "that grain countries are always the most prosperous, and their population the most contented and happy."

It is well for the American farmer to consider the improvidence and reckless waste which is stripping the fairest fields of their fertility, exposing them to constant action of the elements, and subjecting them to an annual drain of the same constituents, none of which are ever returned to the soil. The estimate of the average production of wheat in 1898, in Ohio, was about four bushels per acre; the State statistics, so far as returned, made the yield scarcely three bushels. There is no doubt that more is owing to bad culture and want of drainage than to the severity of the season, that the product did not average twenty bushels. Every new State is always sending out boastful reports of

great crops of wheat; and the same States, in a few years, are equally remarkable for reduction in the yield of wheat, increase of insects and prevalence of disease.

The freshest soil in the culture of bread-stuffs, east of California, scarcely yielded an average of twelve bushels per acre last year. A systematic rotation, some attention to fertilization, greater care in the selection of soil, better tillage and more thorough cultivation, will alone prevent a decline in products and real values of farm property. This aspiration upon the agriculture of the United States is attributable in part to the cheapness of western lands, the original price of which bears so small a proportion to their intrinsic value that the owner erroneously deems it cheaper to remove to new lands than to sustain and increase the productive capacity of the present farm. One result of this fatal error is the removal westward every year of the centre of wheat production, thus adding transportation and other charges to its ultimate cost, threatening to make difficult the future supply of our population and to render export impossible. The facts and observations are worthy the serious attention of the agricultural population of the country.—*Rutland Herald.*

A Fica for the Tends.

Toads are among the best friends the gardener has, for they destroy more vermin than the birds, as they live exclusively on the most destructive kinds. Unhappily though they may be, they should on all accounts be encouraged to dwell in our flower gardens and should not be molested by the children. On the contrary, they should have places of shelter prepared for them to protect them from the noonday sun, which they cannot endure. An inverted flower pot resting upon a saucer will make them a comfortable home. We have an immense toad who lives under the front door-steps and nightly issues forth to clear our garden of worms and bugs. A portly scavenger he is, and by his side appears a smaller specimen, whom we style Mrs. Toad. Very few are the destructive vermin in our garden beds, and we attribute their absence entirely to the nightly efforts of this most worthy couple. A few days ago, while working in our strawberry bed, we found a toad with only three legs. We examined him carefully—we are never afraid to handle them—and found no sign of a wound; the skin was smoothly drawn over the spot where the leg should have been. No surgeon's knife could more skillfully have removed the leg, and we are in doubt whether he ever had but three legs. He hopped as briskly as his more favored brethren, his locomotion not being impeded by the missing member. We thought of bringing him to dwell with his kind under the doorstep, but feared that he might be sneered at in toad fashion for his misfortune, so left him to wander among the strawberries, never doubting that he would eat the best of them, but will also keep the adjoining melon patch free from bugs. We advise all gardeners to cultivate toads; if you have none in your garden procure them elsewhere, and bring up at least one family of these most desirable and useful scavengers. Try one on your cucumber hills if the striped bugs make their appearance, and see how quickly they will be routed and made to "vamoose the ranch."

The Spading Fork.

We are glad to find that our effort to introduce this implement as a substitute in so many cases for the clumsy spade, has been so generally successful. We see them now in general use. A correspondent of the *Journal of Agriculture* says of it:

"I know of no tool that has been introduced within a few years that is so useful as the spading fork. On an average, I believe a man will do one-third more work with it than with the common spade, and do it easier and better also. I speak of digging over the garden preparatory to planting, or working among current bushes and the like; and then for digging potatoes, I have found it one of the best tools I ever used. It may be used also in the cultivation of any garden crop when one has no horse, or has not room to use him. There are always little patches that must be worked by hand, and no tool is so useful for this purpose as the spading fork."

We have had some difficulty in getting them good—many breaking off with heavy work at the neck. There is a kind found in some of the hardware stores of Philadelphia, made by the "Williamport Fork Company," which are as near perfect as anything can well be.

Road Dust and Vegetation.

No careful observer will deny that the trees along much frequented roads, especially when exposed to the influence of prevailing winds, distinguish themselves in the rapidity of their growth and the luxuriance of their foliage as being more thriving than those of the neighboring wood. This fact is being ascribed to the dust from the roads which is carried and deposited by the wind upon their branches and foliage. Dry road dust contains from eight to ten per cent. of organic matter, arising from the excrementa of animals, from straw, hay or grains which may have fallen from wagons frequenting the roads. After having been pulverized by carriage wheels to a fine dust, they form a large amount of already decomposed and readily soluble nourishment for vegetable growth. Roads kept in good condition are therefore not only important promoters of the civilization of the district wherein they are located on account of easier transportation, but also because of an inexpensive but not less efficient fertilizer. It is in such, as the first unapparent causes, that an explanation of many of the declared mysteries of vegetation may be found.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

For tender mouth in horses, a correspondent of the Country Gentleman has been successful in using a chain nose piece. He says, "put a short piece of small chain in front of the horse's nose; fasten to the head-stall by running through the rings at the lower end of the cheek-pieces. Attach your line to the chain, and you are ready for a start. After a day or two remove the bit and grease your horse's mouth and it will soon be well. I used a horse two months without a bit, both single and double, and found no trouble in guiding him."

To EXTRACT INK from colored articles, drop tallow on the stains, and then soak and rub the same with boiling milk.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—Sprinkle powdered borax into the cracks and on the tables and dresser and floor of the kitchen before going to bed. In two or three evenings they all disappear. The kitchen floor ought to be swept previous to sprinkling it.

THE RIDDLES.

Enigma.

I am composed of 43 letters.
My 1, 8, 12, 16, 25, 31, 32, 35, is a beautiful flower.
My 2, 7, 12, 27, 41, 36, is a mineral.
My 4, 11, 23, 30, 37, is a boy's name.
My 5, 10, 1, 8, 24, 31, 5, is a precious stone.
My 6, 24, 33, 31, 38, 8, is a sea nymph.
My 8, 26, 5, 36, 32, 10, 27, 34, is what most people dislike.
My 11, 24, 5, 8, 8, is a city which was destroyed by fire.
My 39, 15, 10, 22, 35, 33, 19, is a large city.
My 20, 1, 18, is a small animal.
My 40, 30, 27, 6, 13, 40, is a girl's name.
My 39, 29, 9, 42, 25, is a very popular game.
My 23, 7, 17, 12, 8, 14, is a garden vegetable.
My whole is an excellent proverb.

MRS. NELLIE WATERS,
Johnson, Wis.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 15, 7, 21, 6, 3, 17, is a kind of bridge.
My 3, 9, 12, 8, 6, 17, is a city in Asia.
My 5, 4, 12, 7, 11, 22, is a woman's name.
My 8, 2, 19, 11, 21, 15, is a fruit.
My 14, 16, 11, 20, 3, 9, is an island.
My 14, 6, 16, 7, 10, 2, 7, is a county in Iowa.
My 18, 5, 4, 12, is a kind of fish.
My whole were persons of distinction in the early history of the United States.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Mathematical Problem.

Simon Roland bought himself a very nice oblong square farm of land, paying therefor the sum of \$18,000. The perimeter of said farm, measured once around, along all the four sides thereof, to the starting corner again, amount to 729 perches, and the diagonal across the same tract from any of the corners to the diagonal corner, he told me, was 299 perches exact. By this he wishes some mathematician would tell him what he did pay per acre for said farm.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH,
Kroterville, Snyder Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

Three sides of a trapezium inscribed in a circle are 13, 40 and 68 rods, and the fourth side is the diameter of the circle. What is its length?

Allen, Hilldale Co., Mich. E. P. NORTON.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many bullets, each one-fourth inch in diameter, can be cast from one pound of lead whose specific gravity is 11.45, allowing ten per cent. for waste?

Bryan, Ohio. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

When is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage? Ans.—When there is a perch in it.

Why was Charles I. like the letter D trying in vain to solve an enigma? Ans.—Because he was deposed (D-poosed.)

Why is original sin like a mouldy loaf? Ans.—Because it is corruption in bread (molded.)

What English word of five letters has no vowel? Ans.—Myrrh.

Why is dancing like new milk? Ans.—Because it strengthens the calves.

Answer is Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

RECEIPTS.

STEWED LAMB.—Take a fine quarter of lamb, and, for a large dish, cut the whole of it into steaks; for a small dish, cut up the loin only; or slice only the leg. Remove the skin and all the fat. Place at the bottom of a large stew-pot a fresh lettuce split into long quarters. Having seasoned the steaks with a little salt and Cayenne, and some powdered nutmeg and mace, lay them upon the lettuce, pour on just sufficient water to cover the whole, and let it stew gently for an hour, skimming it occasionally. Then put in a quart or two of young green peas (in proportion to the quantity of meat), a sprig of fresh green mint, a lump of loaf-sugar, and some bits of fresh butter. Let it cook slowly about half an hour longer, or till the peas are all soft and well done. In sending it to table, place the meat upon the lettuce and the peas round it.

FASHIONABLE APPLE DUMPLINGS.—These are boiled in small knitted cloths, which give a very ornamental appearance to an otherwise homely dish. Take the cores out of large greening apples, and fill the cavity with marmalade, orange, or lemon, if you have it, or with sugar, and spice to taste. Enclose in a good kidney suet crust; draw the cloths around them tightly, and boil gently one hour, or steam an hour and a half. Eat with hard sauce.

CHERRY SOUP.—The *soupe aux cerises*, a favorite dish in Germany, is not so well known as it deserves to be. It is easily made, as is seen by the following recipe:—Take a quantity of fine ripe cherries, cook them in water with sugar and a little vanilla; fry some slices of bread in fresh butter, throw them into the decoction of cherries, mix well up, and serve hot.

TAPIOCA BLANCHMANGE.—Half a pound of tapioca soaked for one hour in a pint of milk. Boil till tender, sweeten to taste, and pour it into a mould. When cold, turn it out and serve it in a dish with jam round it, and a little cream, or flavored with lemon or bitter almond without jam or cream.

LEMON RICE.—Boil until soft a sufficient quantity of rice in milk, with sugar to taste, to fill a pint basin or earthenware jelly mould, and leave it till cool. Peel a lemon very thickly, cut the peel into shreds, about half or three-quarters of an inch long; boil them up in a little water, then throw away the water lest it should be bitter, and pour about a tea-cupful of fresh water upon them; squeeze and strain the juice of a lemon, and add it, with loaf-sugar, to the water and shreds; let it stew gently at the fire for about two hours, and when cold, it will be a syrup. After this, turn out the jelly rice into a glass dish, and pour the syrup gradually over it, being careful that the shreds be equally distributed over the whole.

CREAM PIE.—Take as much thick, sweet cream as will fill your pie dish, to which add the whites of two fresh eggs beaten to a froth, and sugar enough to suit your taste. Flavor with lemon.